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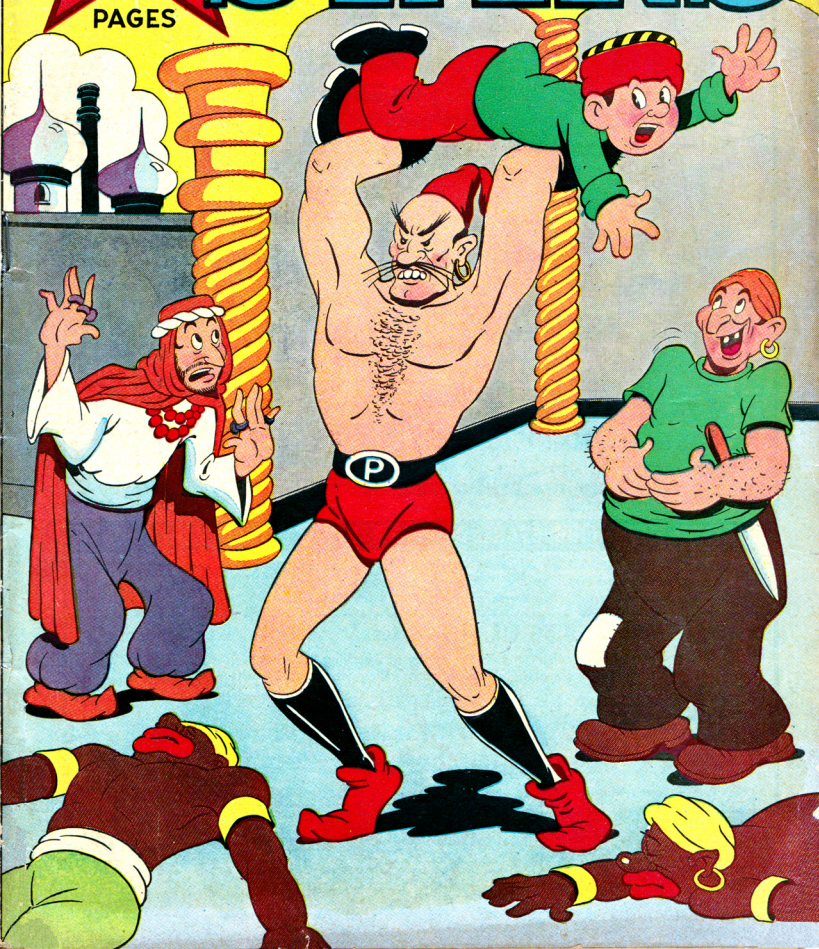
No. 27

SPARKLING

STARS

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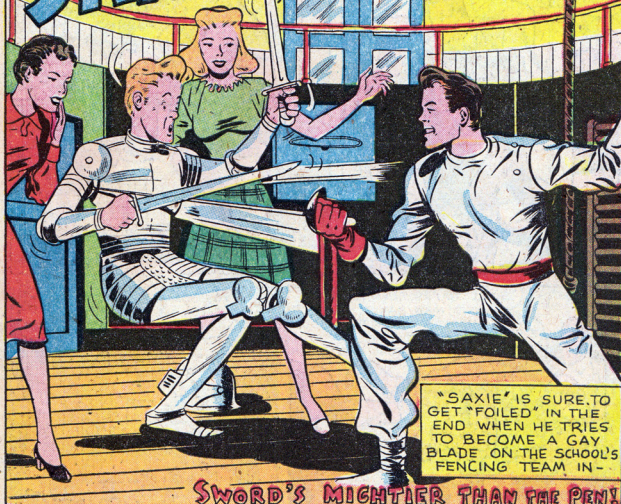
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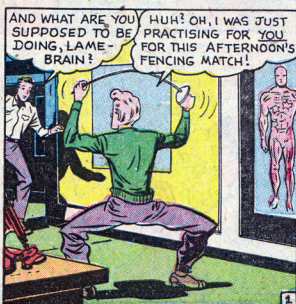
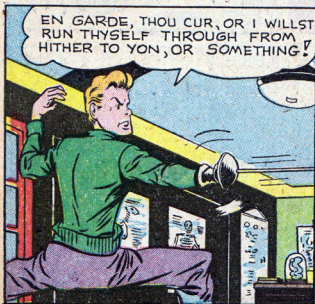
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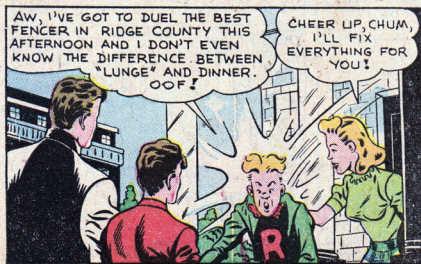
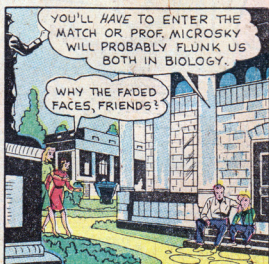
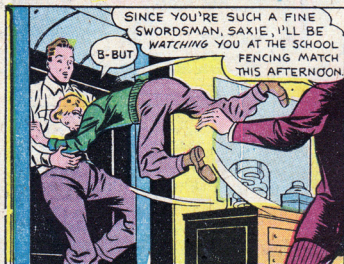
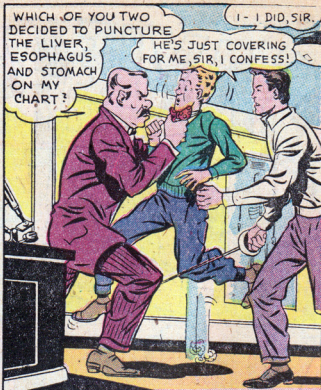
SAXIE ^{AND} PEACHES

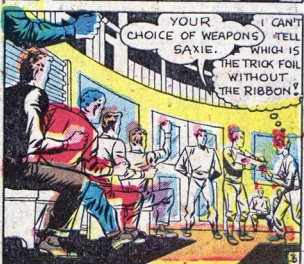
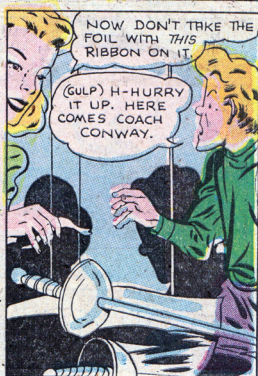
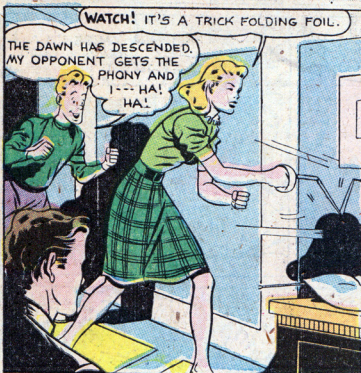
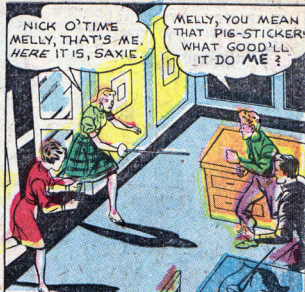
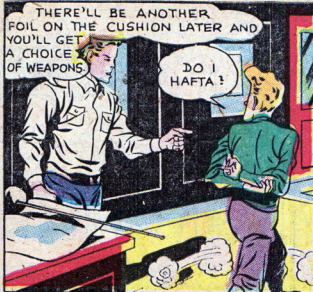


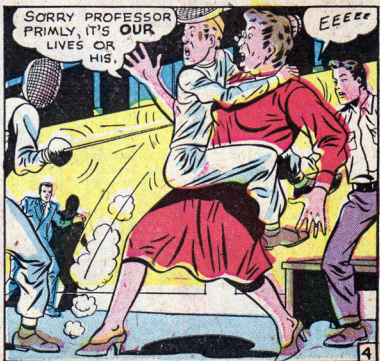
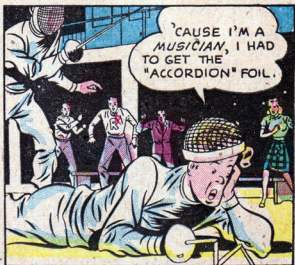
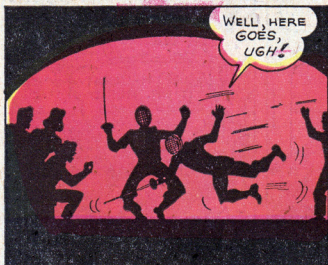
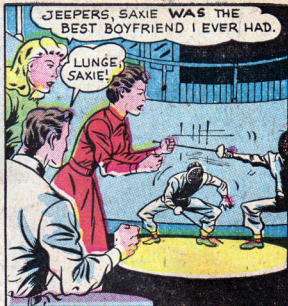
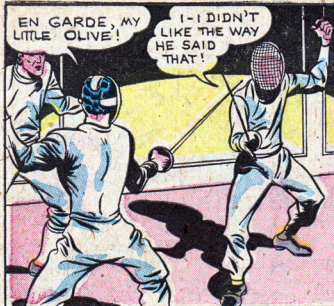
"SAXIE" IS SURE TO GET "FOILED" IN THE END WHEN HE TRIES TO BECOME A GAY BLADE ON THE SCHOOL'S FENCING TEAM IN-

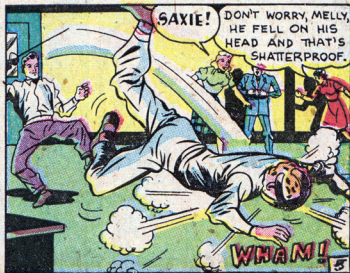
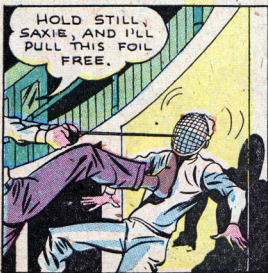
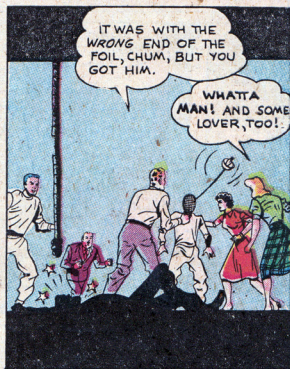
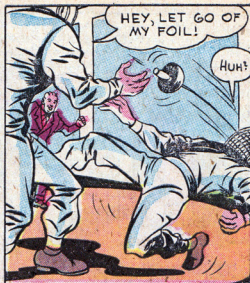
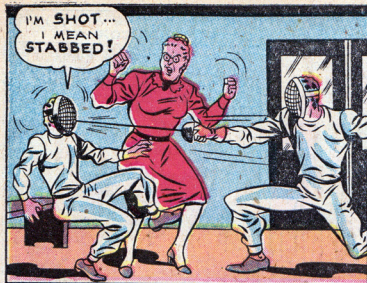
SWORD'S MIGHTIER THAN THE PEN!

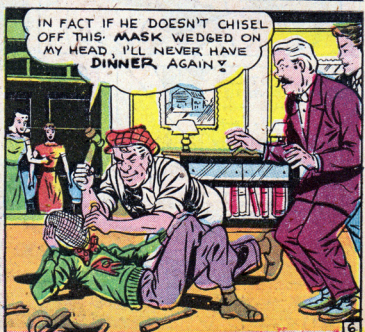
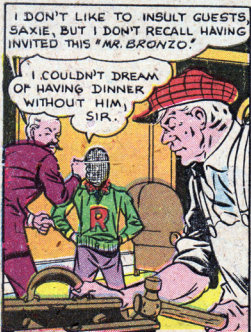
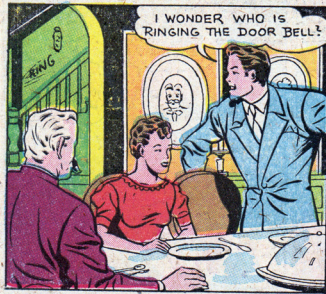
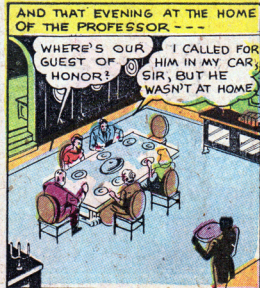
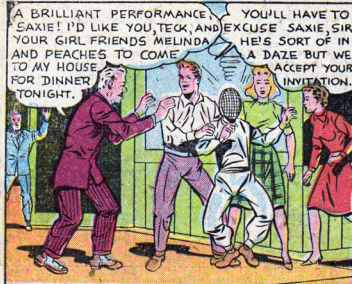








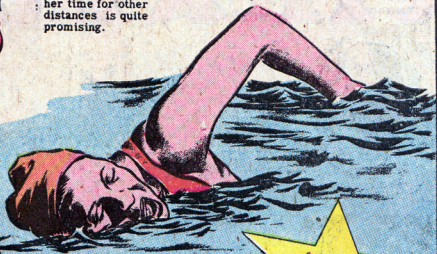




UNUSUAL SPORTS STARS

JOAN MALLORY, at the age of 15, is already being hailed as another Ann Curtis.

The Alameda, California girl is the holder of the 400-meter free-style crown of the Sr. Pacific Association. Joan not only cuts a pretty figure in the water but her time for other distances is quite promising.



MALLORY

STILLEY

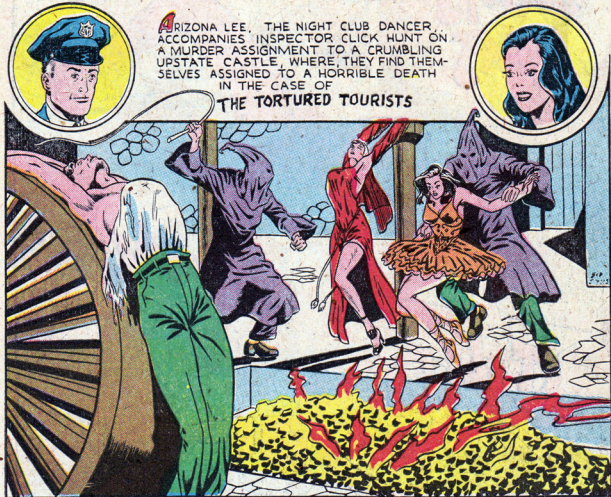


Eighteen year old NANCE STILLEY isn't a fish but she certainly can swim as well as one.

Miss Stilley recently won the second Annual Water Ski tournament in Florida with her trick riding and high jumping.

INSPECTOR Click Hunt

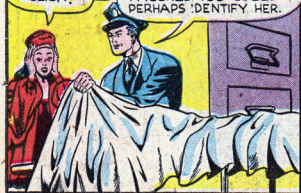
ARIZONA LEE, THE NIGHT CLUB DANCER, ACCOMPANIES INSPECTOR CLICK HUNT ON A MURDER ASSIGNMENT TO A CRUMBLING UPSTATE CASTLE, WHERE THEY FIND THEMSELVES ASSIGNED TO A HORRIBLE DEATH IN THE CASE OF THE TORTURED TOURISTS



EVEN THE VETERAN POLICE INSPECTOR HUNT RECOILED AT THE GRISLY SIGHT IN THE CITY'S MORGUE....

OH-H... SHE... IT'S HORRIBLE, CLICK!

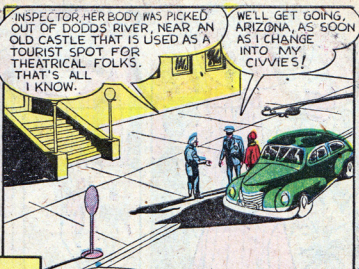
SORRY TO PUT YOU THROUGH THIS, ARIZONA. I FIGURED YOU COULD PERHAPS IDENTIFY HER.



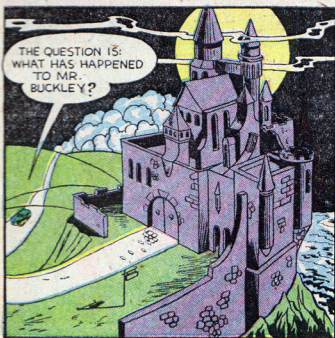
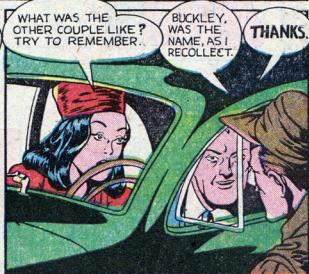
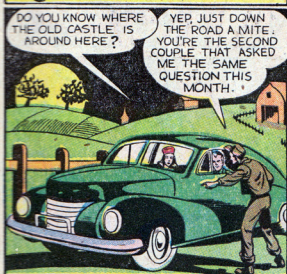
HER BODY WAS PUNCTURED BY A HUNDRED SPIKES AS IF BY A MEDIEVAL HORROR MACHINE. BUT ALL HER JEWELRY ON HER WRIST WAS STILL INTACT.

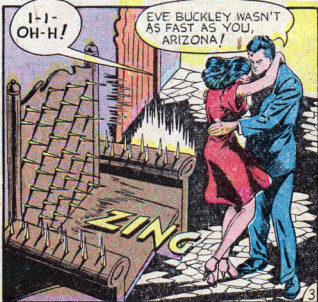
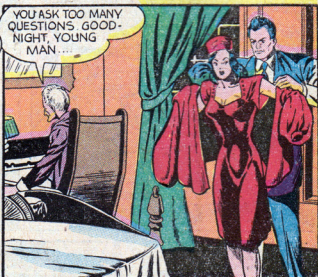
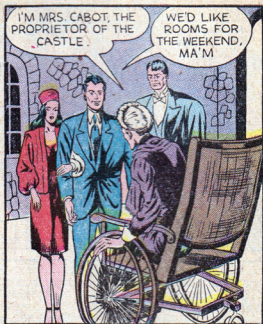
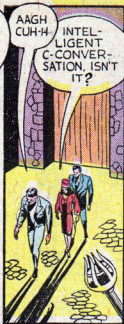
IT'S...IT'S EVE BUCKLEY. SHE STARRED IN SEVERAL BROADWAY SHOWS WITH HER HUSBAND, TODD....

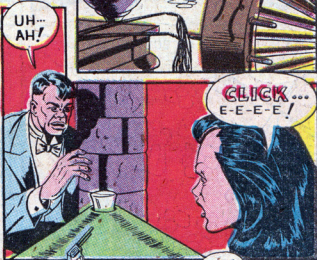
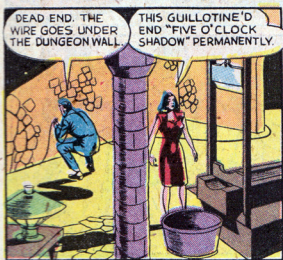
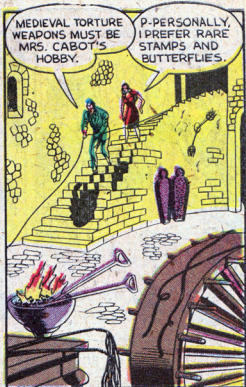


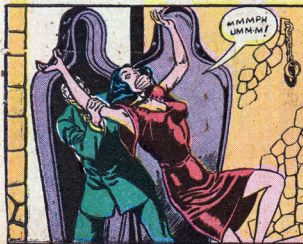


AND MANY HOURS LATER....



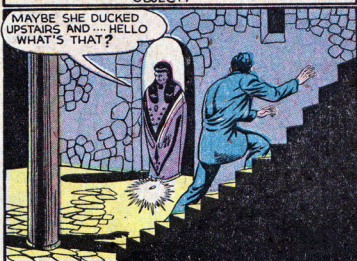






INSPECTOR HUNT'S SHARP EYES FALL ON A GLITTERING OBJECT.

MAYBE SHE DUCKED UPSTAIRS AND HELLO WHAT'S THAT?



ARIZONA'S LIPSTICK. SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS MUMMY'S A DUMMY!



.... AND MEANWHILE

YOU!
YOU'RE TODD
BUCKLEY!

CORRECT, MY DEAR. YOU'VE FOUND ME, THE MURDERER OF MY WIFE! **YOU!** AND MANY MORE WOMEN OF THE THEATRICAL WORLD WILL DIE AT MY HANDS IN THIS LOVELY CASTLE!



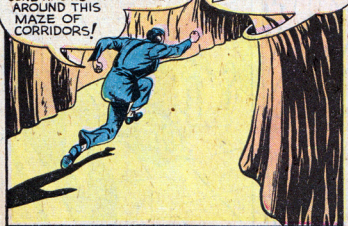
I TAKE INFINITE DELIGHT IN CONCOCTING UNIQUE FINALES FOR ALL MY TALENTED VICTIMS. YOU, A NIGHT CLUB DANCER, SHALL DANCE TO YOUR DEATH ON THAT BED OF COALS!

NO
TODD!
PLEASE!



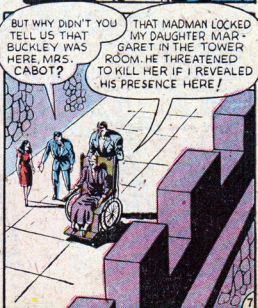
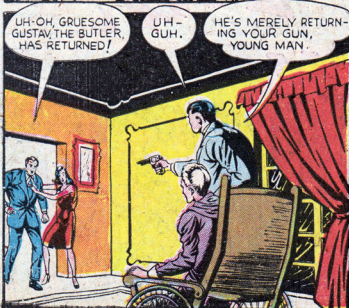
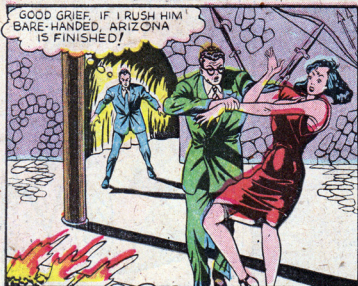
WHOEVER TOOK ARIZONA THROUGH THAT MUMMY CASE SURE KNOWS HOW TO GET AROUND THIS MAZE OF CORRIDORS!

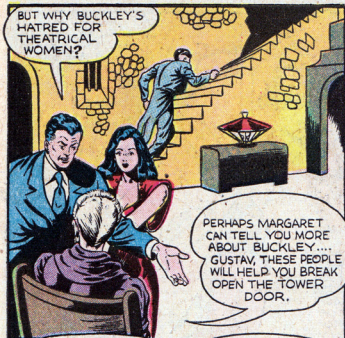
E-E-E-E



I'VE GOT TO FIND HER BEFORE THAT FIEND BECOMES TIRED OF TOYING WITH HER!

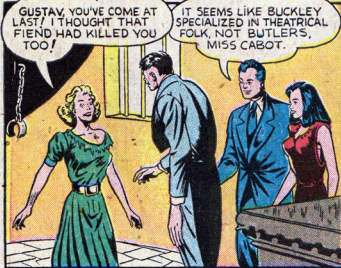






BUT WHY BUCKLEY'S
HATRED FOR
THEATRICAL
WOMEN?

PERHAPS MARGARET
CAN TELL YOU MORE
ABOUT BUCKLEY....
GUSTAV, THESE PEOPLE
WILL HELP YOU BREAK
OPEN THE TOWER
DOOR.



GUSTAV, YOU'VE COME AT
LAST! I THOUGHT THAT
FIEND HAD KILLED YOU
TOO!

IT SEEMS LIKE BUCKLEY
SPECIALIZED IN THEATRICAL
FOLK, NOT BUTLERS,
MISS CABOT.



BUCKLEY, WAS DRIVEN MAD WITH HIS
JEALOUSY OF HIS WIFE'S SUPERIOR
ACTING ABILITY. WHEN SHE TRIED TO
ARRANGE PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT FOR
HIM, HE CRACKED AND BECAME
AN INSANE KILLER OF WOMEN
IN SHOW BUSINESS.



I GUESS
GUSTAV
DOESN'T NEED
OUR HELP!



CLICK, IT WAS SORT OF
NICE. PRETENDING
WE WERE A
MARRIED COUPLE,
WASN'T IT?

SOME DAY
WE WON'T
PRETEND,
SUGAR,
BUT RIGHT
NOW, THE
CASE IS OVER!

UNUSUAL SPORTS STARS

LACROSSE, FIRST PLAYED BY THE INDIANS IN THIS COUNTRY AND IN CANADA, COMBINES THE BEST FEATURES, OR WORST (DEPENDING UPON HOW YOU LIKE YOUR SPORTS) OF FOOTBALL, BASKETBALL AND HOCKEY. THE ONLY WEAPON USED IS THE 'CROSSE', AN IMPLEMENT OF DESTRUCTION WHICH FAR OVERSHADOWS A BASEBALL BAT OR HOCKEY STICK IN POTENTIAL LETHAL QUALITIES. THE GAME WAS ORIGINALLY CALLED 'BAGGATAWAY' BY THE INDIANS. IT ACQUIRED ITS PRESENT NAME FROM EARLY FRENCH SETTLERS. IT IS THE MAJOR SPORT AT JOHNS HOPKINS AND NEIGHBORING EASTERN COLLEGES. JOHNS HOPKINS HAS 18 NATIONAL TITLES AND 2 OLYMPIC CHAMPIONSHIPS TO HER CREDIT. BY STRANGE COINCIDENCE, HER COLORS ARE, YOU GUESSED IT, BLACK AND BLUE!!



LACROSSE, WHICH BY LEGISLATIVE ACT IS NOW CANADA'S NATIONAL SPORT, HAS GROWN ENOUGH IN IMPORTANCE TO BE INCLUDED ON THE OLYMPIC GAMES AGENDA. AMERICAN TEAMS HAVE WON 2 TITLES IN THESE GAMES. THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL VICTORY CAME IN 1928 AT AMSTERDAM, AND THE SECOND IN 1932 AT LOS ANGELES.

TWENTY-TWO COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES ARE MEMBERS OF THE UNITED STATES INTERCOLLEGIATE LACROSSE ASSOCIATION. MOST OF THEM ARE WITHIN A FEW HUNDRED MILES OF JOHNS HOPKINS AND ALL OF THEM ARE IN THE EASTERN PART OF THE COUNTRY.



TURNBULL

THE 1932 U.S. LACROSSE TEAM WHICH WON THE OLYMPIC CHAMPIONSHIP, INCLUDED THE BABE RUTH OF THE SPORT, JACK TURNBULL. TURNBULL CAPTAINED THAT TEAM AS WELL AS THE SQUAD ON WHICH HE PLAYED AT JOHNS HOPKINS. THE GREAT LACROSSE STAR BECAME A PILOT DURING WORLD WAR II AND LOST HIS LIFE WHILE ON A BOMBING MISSION OVER GERMANY. A TROPHY NAMED AFTER HIM IS TO BE AWARDED EACH YEAR TO THE BEST ATTACK PLAYER IN THE SPORT BY THE U.S. INTERCOLLEGIATE LACROSSE ASSOCIATION.



THE DRAWING ABOVE SHOWS A FACE-OFF. THE 2 CENTERS, AT THE WHISTLE, MAKE A SCRAMBLE FOR THE BALL WITH THEIR CROSSES. THE GOALS ARE 80-YARDS APART BUT THE FIELD ITSELF IS 110 YARDS LONG, THUS LEAVING 15 YARDS OF PLAYING ROOM BEHIND EACH GOAL. (SEE DRAWING ON NEXT PAGE)





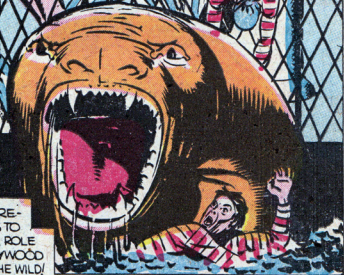
THE BALL IS CARRIED IN THE CROSSE POCKET WHEN A PLAYER IS TAKING IT DOWN FIELD. RAPID TWISTS OF THE HANDLE, QUITE AN ART IN ITSELF, KEEPS THE BALL FROM FALLING OUT OF THE CROSSE POCKET. WHEN THE PLAYER IS CHECKED, HE PASSES THE BALL TO A TEAM-MATE WHILE ON THE RUN. A MEMBER OF THE DEFENDING TEAM TRIES TO DISLodge THE CRADLED BALL BY CRACKING CROSSE ON CROSSE.

TEN MEN MAKE UP A LACROSSE TEAM. BEFORE THE STICKS START SWINGING IN THE DIRECTION OF OPPONENT'S SKULLS, THE TEAMS LINE UP FACING EACH OTHER FOR THE REFEREE'S INSPECTION. BODY CHECKS AND BLOCKS ARE USED AS IN FOOTBALL AND HOCKEY. SCRIMMAGES ARE USUALLY FIERCE AND IN THE EVENT OF A FOUL, THE OFFENDER IS BANISHED FROM THE GAME FOR PERIODS UP TO FIVE MINUTES—JUST AS IN HOCKEY.



PHIL GANT WAS THE POPULAR STAR OF THE WORLD FAMOUS "JUNGOL" MOVIES—UNTIL, AFTER A BLOODY HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT WITH A GORILLA HE SUDDENLY BECAME, AS THE RESULT OF A BLOW ON THE HEAD, A REAL LIFE JUNGOL.

HE DISAPPEARED INTO DARKEST JUNGLES TO LIVE AMONG THE PREHISTORIC MONSTERS THAT STILL DWELT THERE—AND LOVELY STARLET, GLORIA DEAN, WAS TO BE HIS BRIDE, UNTIL IT BECAME HER GRIM ROLE TO TRY TO BRING JUNGOL BACK TO HOLLYWOOD FROM THE STRANGE AND SAVAGE LURE OF THE WILD!



GLORIA DEAN'S SEARCH PARTY HAS MADE CAMP FOR THE NIGHT, WHEN SUDDENLY



PHIL, YOU ARE BACK! OH, HOW WONDERFUL!

FOR PETE'S SAKE! WHAT IS PHIL GANT UP TO NOW!



BUT PHIL, WHAT-?

HEY, GANT, YOU'RE NOT MAKING A JUNGOL MOVIE NOW!

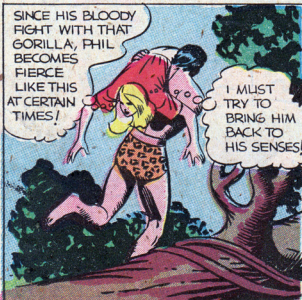
HERE I AM, THE GREAT MOVIE PRODUCER, HERMAN BHIGG, COME HALFWAY AROUND THE WORLD TO OFFER GANT A HOLLYWOOD CONTRACT AND THIS IS THE—!

OH, MY HEAVENS!



SINCE HIS BLOODY FIGHT WITH THAT GORILLA, PHIL BECOMES FIERCE LIKE THIS AT CERTAIN TIMES!

I MUST TRY TO BRING HIM BACK TO HIS SENSES!



DESPERATE, GLORIA CALLS FOR HELP TO JOHN "MUSCLES" MALON, STAND-IN FOR PHIL GANT IN "JUNGOL" MOVIES- MALON COVETS PHIL'S STARRING ROLE AND HIS FIANCEE, GLORIA, WHO IS ALONG ON THE SEARCH PARTY-BUT HER CRY IS CUT SHORT!

JOHN! HELP! UH!



PHIL, YOU ARE PHIL GANT, THE MOVIE STAR, NOT THE MAN-BEAST YOU PLAY THE PART OF—!

HUH!



PHIL, PLEASE, OH PHIL, WHAT ARE YOU DOING!

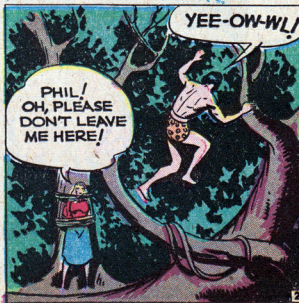
HE MUST HAVE BECOME HOPELESSLY SAVAGE!

HA!



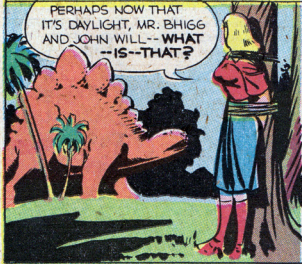
YEE-OW-WL!

PHIL! OH, PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME HERE!



AND THEN, HOURS LATER, AS THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN CREEPS INTO THE JUNGLE

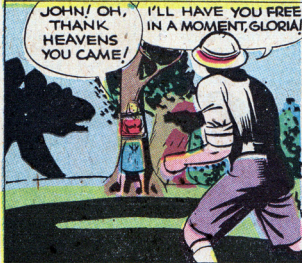
PERHAPS NOW THAT IT'S DAYLIGHT, MR. BHIGG AND JOHN WILL-- WHAT --IS--THAT?



BUT JUST AS THE HORRIBLE MONSTER NEARS GLORIA!

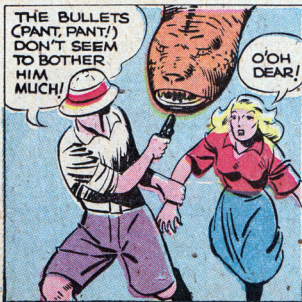
JOHN! OH, THANK HEAVENS YOU CAME!

I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MOMENT, GLORIA!



THE BULLETS (PANT, PANT!) DON'T SEEM TO BOTHER HIM MUCH!

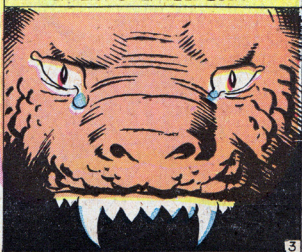
O'OH DEAR!

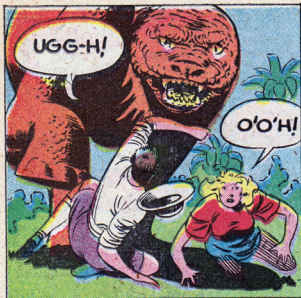


WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE FAST! THAT THING DOESN'T LOOK ANY TOO FRIENDLY!

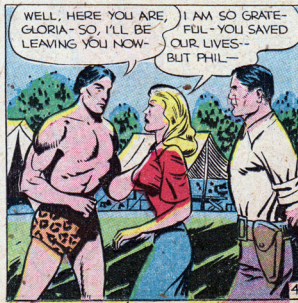
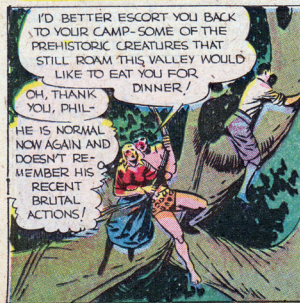
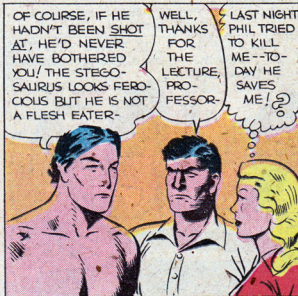


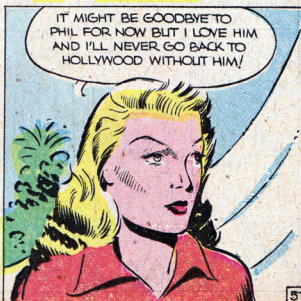
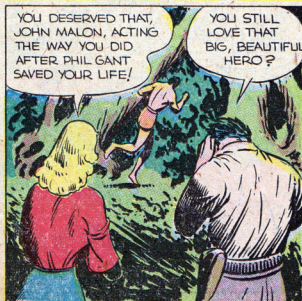
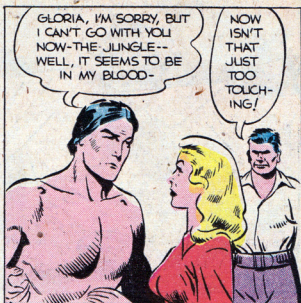
AND THEN, JUST AS THE MONSTER PLUNGES AT THE TWO HUMANS TO CRUSH THEM UNDER HIS TERRIBLE BULK---





A THIN VINE, WITH A NOOSE SKILLFULLY
LOOPEO AT THE END OF IT, SUDDENLY
SNAKES THROUGH THE AIR--!





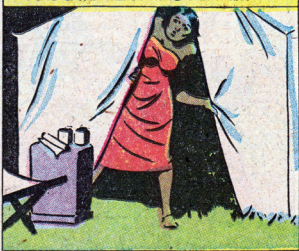
AND THEN, THAT NIGHT



BUT PEERING INTO ONE OF THE TENTS, TINA SEES SOMETHING THAT AMAZES HER!



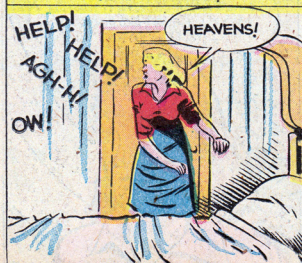
TINA, THE BEAUTIFUL NATIVE GIRL WHO IS IN LOVE WITH JUNGOL, COMES TO GLORIA'S CAMP SEARCHING FOR HIM



BUT NOBODY SEES TINA AS SHE RACES BACK INTO THE JUNGLE, FOR GLORIA'S PARTY HAS GONE ON BOARD SHIP FOR THE NIGHT, BECAUSE OF THE DANGER FROM PREHISTORIC MONSTERS.

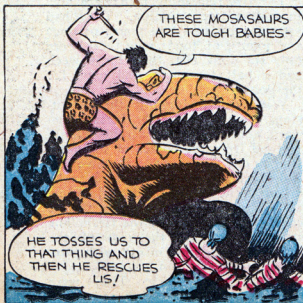
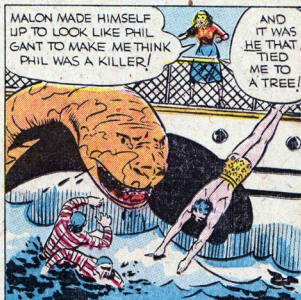
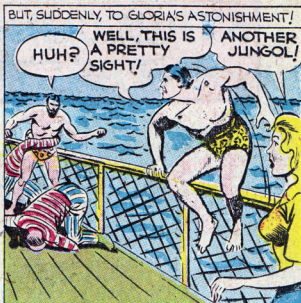
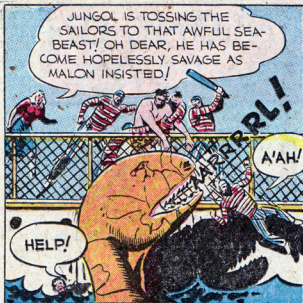


ON THE SHIP MEANTIME, THOUGH, AS GLORIA PREPARES FOR BED!



IT'S PHIL! (GROAN!) AND HE'S SAVAGE AGAIN!





STRUGGLING ALONG ON ANTARCTIC WASTES

This is the story of a man alone in the trackless frozen wastes of the Antarctic desert, toiling his desperate way, almost without food. He was made desolate by the death of his two companions, and so near the end of his strength that he could only cover a few miles a day in his wearisome march over a hundred miles of unbroken snow.

It was into this terrible world of white that Sir Douglas Mawson, the great Australian explorer came on January 8, 1912. He had picked his way through frigid waters in which no other ship had sailed and landed on a coast no human foot had ever trod before.

After months of preparation he left his hut on November 10 of the same year on a journey of exploration to the south accompanied by two comrades, Xavier Mertz, a lawyer and ski champion of Switzerland, and Lt. Ninnis, a young Englishman. They carried provisions for nine weeks packed into sleds hauled by dogs.

The outward journey ran over extremely difficult land, making the journey both hazardous and exhausting. Danger was on all sides from ridges of ice and hidden crevices. Under the crust of ice and snow were hideous chasms where a man might fall to unknown depths, never to be found till the end of time. Several times dogs fell through but were saved only by the harness from which they dangled. One day Ninnis had a miraculous escape. Before the eyes of the others he disappeared through what had seemed solid ice. Fortunately they were able to grab him before it was too late. They had pitched their camp directly over a yawning chasm, covered only by a layer of thin ice.

On the fourth week of their journey they had come to a horrible position. They were surrounded by crevasses everywhere. Booming sounds as of giant cannon were heard. The snow, undermined by great cavities, sank under the weight of the men and sleds, causing great quantities of air to be expelled.

Mertz, who was ahead breaking trail, suddenly raised his stick in warning. Mawson drew up to him and they noted the faint indentations of a crevasse. There was the plaintive whine of a dog behind them, and silence. Turning to see if Ninnis was coming up, only a stretch of empty snow met their eyes. Ninnis had disappeared.

Dashing back along the trail they came to a gaping hole about eleven feet across. The lid of the crevasse had broken in. Two sled tracks led down the far side but only one led up the other. Frantically they peered down the depths of the black hole. No sound arose but the moaning of a dog lying on a ledge barely visible about 150 feet below. Close by was what seemed to be the remains of a tent and the bag containing most of their food. Not a sign was there of Ninnis! For three hours they called incessantly in the vain hope that some answer might come floating back from the depths, but no sound came back. They tied all the rope they had together, but could not reach the ledge. At nine o'clock that night they were forced to accept Ninnis as lost. Mawson read a short burial service near the yawning hole and they turned away to harness the dogs.

The two remaining men were now in a desperate situation. They had set out with two fine teams of dogs and plenty of food; now there were only six dogs left, food for a week and a half for them, and none for the dogs.

With death dogging their footsteps, they turned their faces homeward, eking out the miserable supply of food from the bodies of the dogs. One by one the starved dogs gave out, and were loaded on the sled to be killed at the end of the day's journey. Skin and bones were given to the other dogs and part of the flesh. The starving men ate the rest of the tough, stringy meat mixed with pemmican and made into a stew.

Things grew worse. They were down to 14 ounces a day, consisting of dog flesh and pemmican, a small

piece of chocolate, and a hot drink made by stewing the bags in which cocoa had been carried. Mertz, who was seriously ill from the horrible diet, begged that they try some of the regular rations still left on the sled. So, Mawson gave Mertz his share of regular food while he ate dog flesh. However Mertz grew worse and worse. On the morning of January 7th, Mawson awoke to find that Mertz had died.

Now alone in the terrible desolation with a hundred miles to go to reach aid, it almost seemed better to sleep on in the tent and try no more. But that courage that seems to come when defeat is at its worst, arose and he was ready to face what seemed certain death.

Terrible were the horrors of that journey. Hills of ice and snow and crevassed descents with death leering on all sides were before him. Once he stopped at the very edge of a vast blue hole as his sled slowly slid into it. It took all his ebbing strength to haul it back and save his last hold on life. Worse was still to come. Going up a long, steep slope deeply covered with ice and snow, he broke through the lid of an icy crevasse with no bottom. Down, down, he slid, futilely scrabbling at the smooth ice, his sled creeping after him. A sudden slip, and he was dangling fourteen feet below on the end of a rope!

He thought of the food above, and slowly pulled himself up, inch by inch over the edge. Almost to the top now. A tinkling crash as the edge gives way and down again, hanging, spinning, over that awful abyss, dangling exhausted, weak and chilled. Was a continuation of the struggle worth it? It would be the work of a moment to slip from the harness and all the pain and toil would be over. His strength was going, in a few minutes it would be too late; it was now or never. Somehow, determination came to the surface of his beclouded mind and with superhuman effort he began his ascent again. Slowly, inch by inch, he rose to the surface; by a miracle the sled held. Once again the top was in sight and this time he made it. Pushing himself out, he lay exhausted, on the ice.

As the appalling journey went on he often thought it would be better to enjoy a few days, eating and sleeping, then lying down to die, but some interminable dauntless spirit drove him on. After three weeks of this unimaginable labor, he had but two pounds of food left and was still thirty miles from the base. On a good day he would manage to go six or seven miles, but on most, two or three was the best he could do. At the best it would take him five days. On two pounds of food he would never make it. Then a miracle happened! Far in the distance he saw a dark object looming out of the void.

Painfully he crawled toward it and found... a cairn! Three of the others on the expedition had built it and gone, leaving a large sack of food. Mawson was saved! With the food was a letter telling him that safety and the base lay twenty-three miles away. The ironic part was that they had left the letter only that morning. Only the night before their camps had been but five miles apart and he had arrived at the cairn but six hours after they had gone.

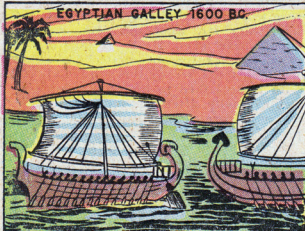
Now, however a new danger arose; Mawson in order to lessen the weight he had to carry had thrown away his crampons and had been walking in smooth-soled shoes. He had reached a plateau near the home base where the wind was so strong it blew him far from the route he should have taken. He broke up the woodwork of his theodolite, drove ice-nails, tacks, screws through it and with these lashed to his feet, began again. Finally, after heroic effort, he made the base camp where a blizzard penned him up for a week.

Finally on February 8, almost three months from the time he had left on the almost fatal journey, a ship arrived on the horizon, his friends appeared and his story was quickly told, but the ship was beyond recall. Five men had been left with supplies to await his coming and instructions to spend the winter with him. Thus ended one of the bravest journeys ever made on earth. A journey not for praise, not to rescue, but to further men's knowledge.

THE END

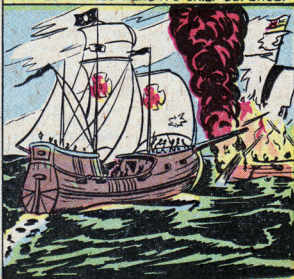
FIGHTING SHIPS THROUGH THE AGES

FROM 1600 B.C. TO PRESENT DAY
NAVAL MIGHT, YOU CAN SEE THEIR
ROMANTIC DEVELOPMENT ON
THE FOLLOWING PAGES.



A LARGE SAIL, AND SKILLED OARSMEN POWERED THE GALLEY, 4 OR 5 MEN TO EACH 30' TO 40' OAR. THE SHIP WAS 60', BUILT OF CEDAR. ARMOR CONSISTED OF A METAL BEAK, WHICH RAMMED ENEMIES, AFTER WHICH WARRIORS SWARMED ABOARD THE BEATEN SHIP FOR THE PLUNDER.

SPANISH GALLEON - 15TH CENTURY - SAILS AT LAST REPLACED OARSMEN, ADDING SPEED. GALLEONS WERE CONSTRUCTED OF WOOD, ELABORATELY CARVED. SMALL GUNS PIVOTED IN RAILS WERE ITS CHIEF DEFENSE.





U.S. CONSTITUTION LAUNCHED 1797, BUILT OF WOOD, 204' LONG. HER ARMOR OUTCLASSED THAT OF SIMILAR FOREIGN SHIPS. SHE CARRIED 55 GUNS IN ALL. HER MAIN BATTERY HELD 24 LB. SHOT, WHILE FOREIGN SHIPS HAD 18 LB. SHOT. UNLIKE THE GALLEON, THE FRIGATES CARRIED GUNS BELOW DECK AS ABOVE.

"OLD IRONSIDES" VICTORY OVER THE GUERRIERE - 17 AUG. 1812



U.S.S. HARTFORD - CIVIL WAR



THE FLAGSHIP OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT. A STEAM FRIGATE SOON REPLACED THE ALL-SAIL FRIGATE BY ADDING STEAM POWER AS SAILS. THE "HARTFORD" CARRIED GUNS SIMILAR TO EARLIER WOODEN FRIGATES.

"MONITOR" AND "MERRIMAC" - BUILT DURING THE CIVIL WAR. IRON SHIPS, AND EXPLOSIVE SHELLS, REPLACED WOODEN SHIPS, AND SOLID AMMUNITION OF THE EARLIER WARSHIPS.

THE CONFEDERATE SHIP **MERRIMAC** CARRIED A RAM ON THE BOW, A CANNON IN THE DECK HOUSE.



THE **MONITOR** - BUILT BY THE NORTH 170' 1,200 TONS DISPLACEMENT, CARRIED 2-11" GUNS IN A REVOLVING TURRET.

P.T. MOSQUITO BOAT - WORLD WAR II MOTOR TORPEDO BOATS ARE 60' TO 90' LONG BUILT OF PLYWOOD WITH 31,000 HORSE-POWER ENGINES, MAKING 40 KNOTS



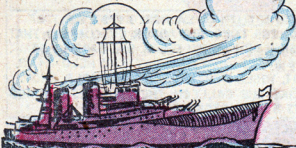
THE **THUNDER BOATS** MIGHTY ARMOR WAS ITS SPEED, 2 PAIR OF 50 CALIBRE MACHINE GUNS, 2-20 MM AA GUNS, 1 MG, 8 DC 4-18" TORPEDO TUBES, SMOKE SCREEN, DEPTH CHARGES, AND DOES 40 KNOTS.

"SUB" CHASER WORLD II



ARMED WITH 1-3" GUN AND SMALLER GUNS P.C.S. PROTECTED CONVOYS, PATROLED THE COASTAL WATERS AND SANK SUBS WITH DEPTH CHARGES. THESE SHIPS ARE BUILT OF WOOD, SOME STEEL. THEY REACH THE SPEED OF 17 KNOTS.





LIGHT AND HEAVY CRUISERS ARE SCOUTS OF THE FLEET. THE HEAVY CRUISER AVERAGES 32.7 KNOTS, DISPLACES 9100 TO 10,000 TONS, 9 OR 10 GUNS IN TURRETS - 2 ARMORED DECKS, AS WELL AS SIDE ARMOR, 8-5" 25 CAL. AA, 4 AIRCRAFT, 10-8" GUNS



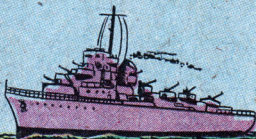
THE DESTROYER CONVOYED SUPPLY SHIPS AND DESTROYED SUBS. TONNAGE IS 1,500 4-5" 38 CAL GUNS, AND 10-21" TORPEDO TUBES. THE DESTROYER AVERAGES 36.5 KNOTS.

MINESWEEPER (AGCANTOR CLASS)



THESE SMALL SHIPS CLEARED MINES FROM SHIPPING LANES DURING THE WAR. THIS 'AGCANTOR' CLASS SHIP DISPLACES 260 TONS.

DESTROYER ESCORT (WORLD WAR II)

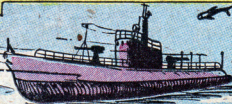


THE D-E'S CLEARED SHIPPING LANES OF SUBMARINES DURING THE WAR. TONNAGE IS ABOUT 1800 TONS, LENGTH 300' THEY CARRIED DEPTH CHARGES, 1-1.1" 6UN 3-3" 6GUNS, 4-20 MM GUNS, 2-40MM GUNS AND 1- HEDGE HOG.

THE SUBMARINE (TAMBOR CLASS)



DARING ATTACKS IN ENEMY WATERS AND RESCUE WORK BROUGHT THE SUBMARINE WAR-TIME FAME. IT DISPLACES 1,475 TONS, AND AVERAGES 21 KNOTS, SLOWING DOWN A BIT UNDER WATER. THEY OFTEN SURFACE AND PURSUE ENEMY SHIPPING WITH 1-3" AA GUN, 2 M.G. AA GUNS, THEN SUBMERGE USING 10-21" TORPEDO TUBES, 6 OF WHICH ARE LOCATED AT THE BOW, 4 ASTERN. DIESEL ENGINES RUN IT ON THE SURFACE. WHILE ELECTRIC MOTORS POWERED IT BELOW THE WATER.



LANDING CRAFT OF WORLD WAR II

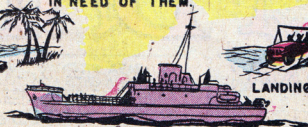
THESE LANDING CRAFT TRANSPORTED TROOPS, TRUCKS, AND SUPPLIES TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD'S BATTLE ZONES. THEY ARE DIESEL POWERED. THESE SHIPS CARRIED LITTLE ARMOR AND DELIVERED SUPPLIES TO AREAS IN NEED OF THEM.



L.S.T.
LANDING SHIP TANK



L.C.M.
LANDING CRAFT MECHANIZED



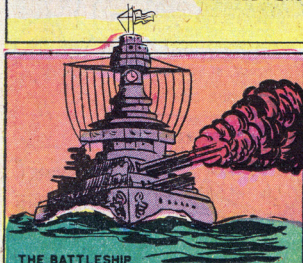
L.C.I. LANDING CRAFT INFANTRY



L.C.V.P. LANDING CRAFT VEHICLE PERSONNEL

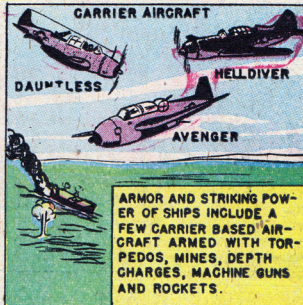


L.C.T. LANDING CRAFT TANK



THE BATTLESHIP

CARRIES 5" AND 16" GUNS, OFTEN DISPLACING 45,000 TONS. THE HULL IS CONSTRUCTED TO PROTECT HER HULL FROM SUBMARINE ATTACK OR ANY OTHER TYPE OF FIRE.



GARRIER AIRCRAFT

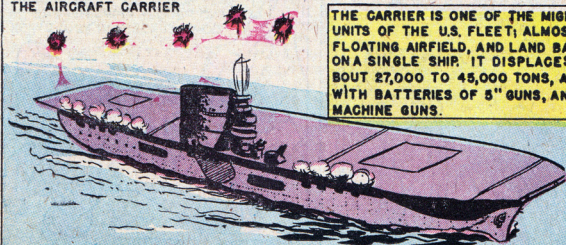
DAUNTLESS

HELL DIVER

AVENGER

ARMOR AND STRIKING POWER OF SHIPS INCLUDE A FEW CARRIER BASED AIRCRAFT ARMED WITH TORPEDOS, MINES, DEPTH CHARGES, MACHINE GUNS AND ROCKETS.

THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER

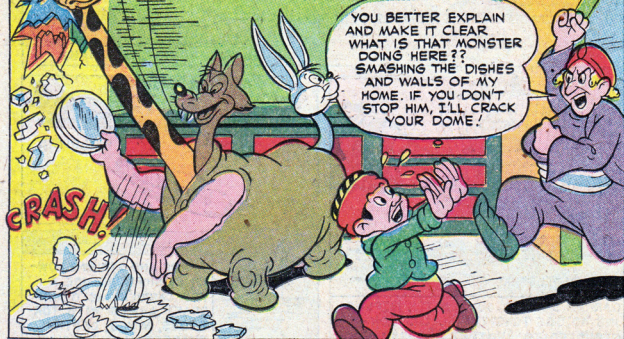


THE CARRIER IS ONE OF THE MIGHTIEST UNITS OF THE U.S. FLEET; ALMOST A FLOATING AIRFIELD, AND LAND BASE ON A SINGLE SHIP. IT DISPLACES ABOUT 27,000 TO 45,000 TONS, ARMED WITH BATTERIES OF 5" GUNS, AND MACHINE GUNS.

ALI-BABA

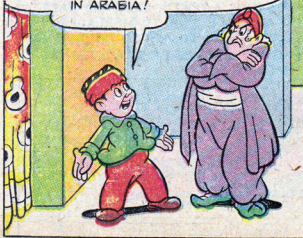
BARAM!

ALI-BABA, STUDYING DURING THE LONG ARABIAN NIGHTS HOW TO AVOID HEAVY LABOR, HAS DISCOVERED AN OLD 'MAGIC' FORMULA - AS A RESULT, HE WAS ABLE TO CREATE OUT OF OLD SKINS "ROBO"



YOU BETTER EXPLAIN AND MAKE IT CLEAR WHAT IS THAT MONSTER DOING HERE ?? SMASHING THE DISHES AND WALLS OF MY HOME. IF YOU DON'T STOP HIM, I'LL CRACK YOUR DOME!

I STOPPED HIM, BUT CAN'T YOU SEE ROBO, MY NEW INVENTION WILL EARN A LOT OF GOLD FOR US? NO MORE WILL YOU HAVE TO COMPETE AT FAIRS FOR PRIZES AS THE UGLIEST WOMEN IN ARABIA!



FORGET ABOUT YOUR DAFFY ROBO - YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A LAZY HOBO! GO TO THE WHARF AND PEDDLE FISH - BEFORE SOME CURSES ON YOU, I WISH!

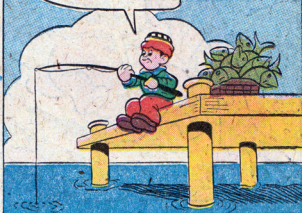


ROBO HIDES HERE WHILE
I PEDDLE SOME FISH -
A LIVING, THE HARD WAY
IS GRETCH'S WISH -
SHE DOESN'T APPRECIATE
MY MIGHTY BRAIN,
BUT MOST GREAT INVENTORS
WERE CALLED INSANE!

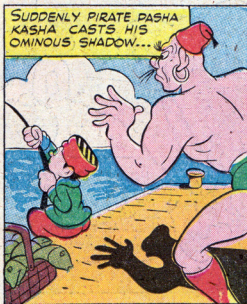


5 HOURS LATER ALI HAS CAUGHT
QUITE A HAUL OF FISH...

THIS IS WHAT I CALL EXPERT
FISHING. ONE MORE AND I'LL
CALL IT A DAY.

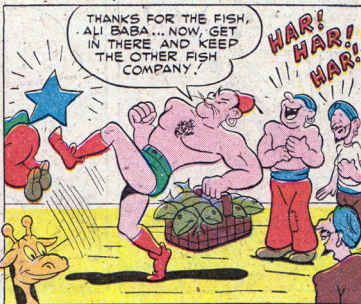


SUDDENLY PIRATE PASHA
KASHA CASTS HIS
OMINOUS SHADOW...



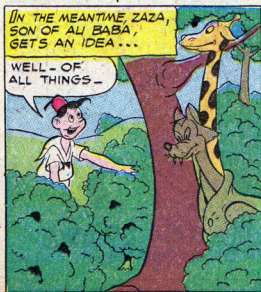
THANKS FOR THE FISH,
ALI BABA... NOW, GET
IN THERE AND KEEP
THE OTHER FISH
COMPANY!

HAR!
HAR!
HAR!

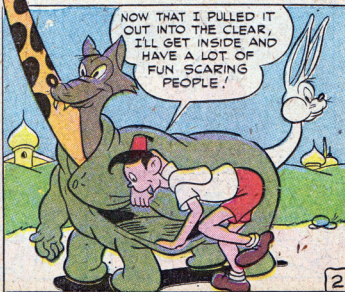


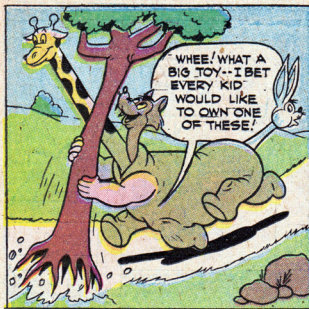
IN THE MEANTIME, ZAZA,
SON OF ALI BABA,
GETS AN IDEA...

WELL - OF
ALL THINGS -

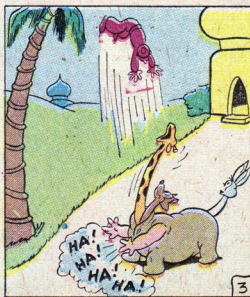
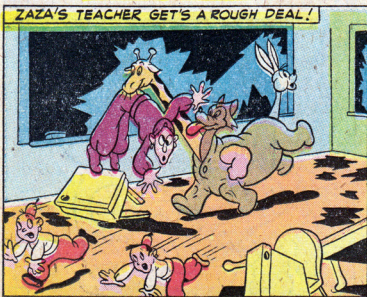
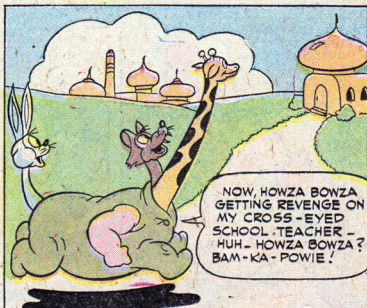


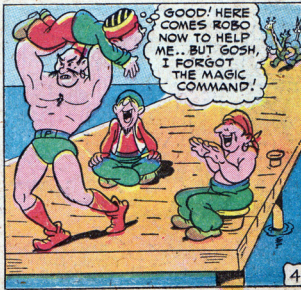
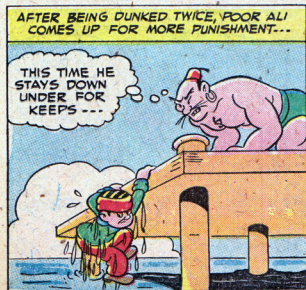
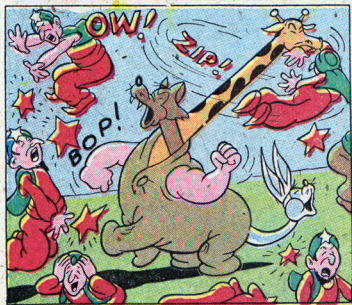
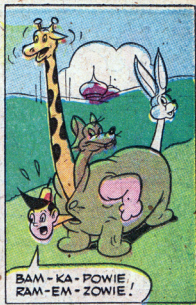
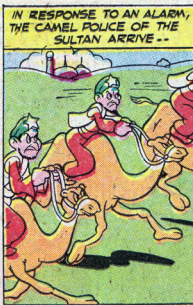
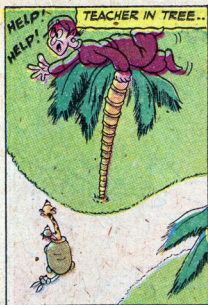
NOW THAT I PULLED IT
OUT INTO THE CLEAR,
I'LL GET INSIDE AND
HAVE A LOT OF
FUN SCARING
PEOPLE!

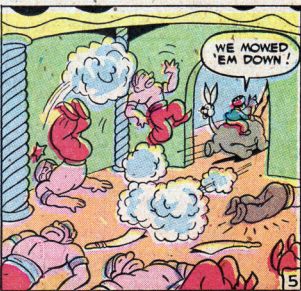
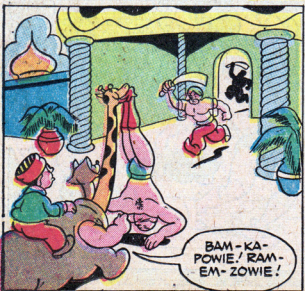
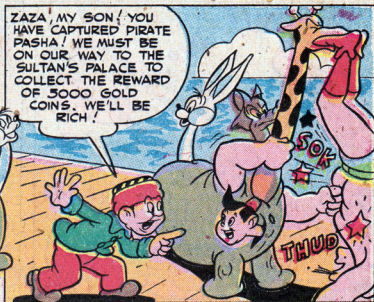
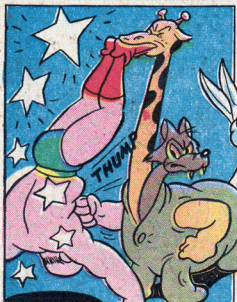
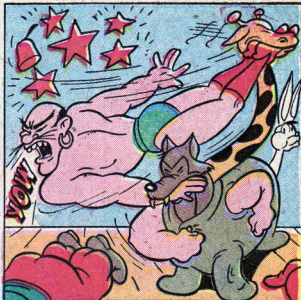
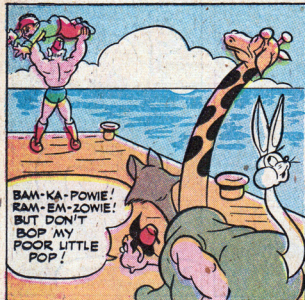




HEY! STOP! YOU'RE GONNA
RUN OFF THIS CLIFF!
WHOA! I WONDER
WHAT MAGIC
COMMAND
MAKE THIS
THING
CEASE?

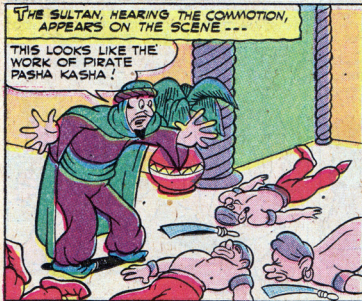




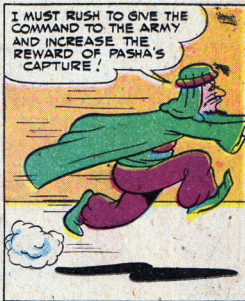


THE SULTAN, HEARING THE COMMOTION,
APPEARS ON THE SCENE ---

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE
WORK OF PIRATE
PASHA KASHA!



I MUST RUSH TO GIVE THE
COMMAND TO THE ARMY
AND INCREASE THE
REWARD OF PASHA'S
CAPTURE!



ALI, BE PRAISED!
YOU'VE CAPTURED
PASHA KASHA!

IN PERSON,
YOUR MAJESTY!

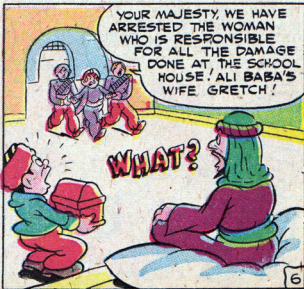


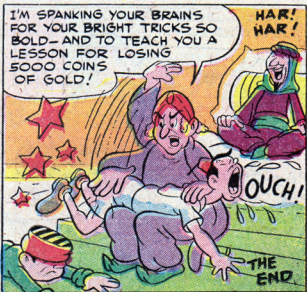
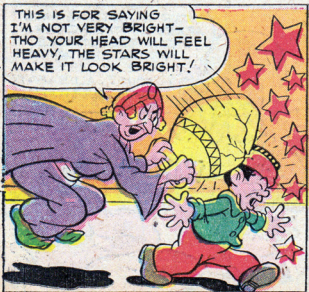
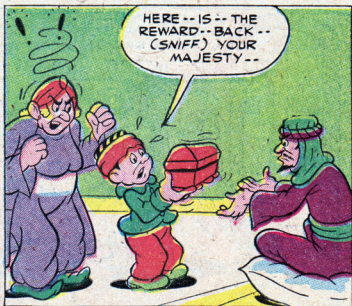
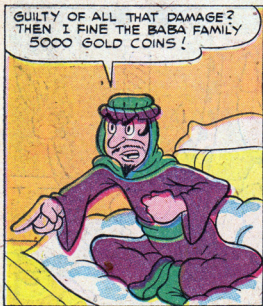
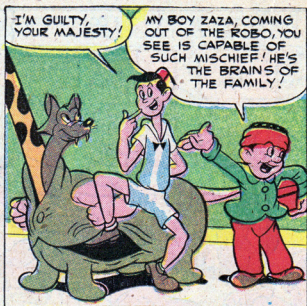
YOUR REWARD --
5000 GOLD COINS!



YOUR MAJESTY, WE HAVE
ARRESTED THE WOMAN
WHO IS RESPONSIBLE
FOR ALL THE DAMAGE
DONE AT THE SCHOOL
HOUSE, ALI BABA'S
WIFE GRETCH!

WHAT?





BATTLE OF THE BEASTS

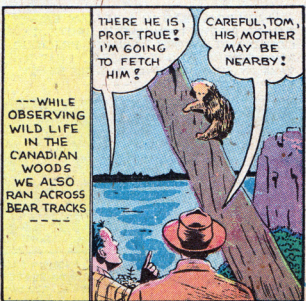


BROWN BEARS, DESPITE THEIR HUGE SIZE AND ENORMOUS POWER, ARE PEACELOVING CREATURES. OTHER ANIMALS SELDOM DARE ATTACK THEM, BECAUSE, WHEN A-ROUSED THEY BECOME RUTHLESS KILLERS.



ISN'T IT DANGEROUS TO SLEEP HERE WITH BEARS AS CLOSE NEIGHBORS, PROF. TRUE?

NO, BOB. THE TRACKS WE SAW WERE MADE BY A CUB. THE MOTHER WON'T BOTHER US AS LONG AS WE LEAVE HER ALONE - I REMEMBER I HAD A MORE SERIOUS ENCOUNTER WITH BROTHER BRUIN--



THERE HE IS, PROF. TRUE? I'M GOING TO FETCH HIM?

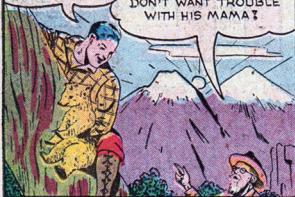
CAREFUL, TOM, HIS MOTHER MAY BE NEARBY!

---WHILE OBSERVING WILD LIFE IN THE CANADIAN WOODS WE ALSO RAN ACROSS BEAR TRACKS---

--DISREGARDING MY WARNING, TOM
SCALED THE TREE, AND--

ISN'T HE CUTE?
I'LL TAKE HIM
HOME WITH ME.

I THINK YOU BETTER
SET HIM FREE. IT IS
GETTING DARK AND I
DON'T WANT TROUBLE
WITH HIS MAMA?

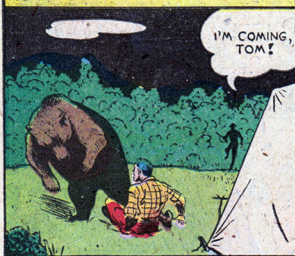


---AFTER
PITCHING OUR
TENT AND
WHILE TOM
PLAYED WITH
THE CUB, I TOOK
THE PRECAUTION
TO TAKE A
LOOK AROUND
WHEN
SUDDENLY--



-- FEARING THE WORST, I RUSHED BACK
TO THE CAMP ---

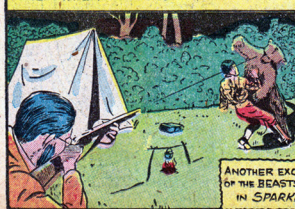
I'M COMING,
TOM!



--BUT, BEFORE I COULD DO ANYTHING
THE BEAR WAS UPON TOM---



--WITH TOM HELD IN A DEADLY EM-
BRACE BY THE INFURIATED BRUTE, I
COULD NOT AFFORD TO WASTE PRECIOUS
TIME TRYING TO GET CLOSER. I HAD TO
TAKE MY CHANCES SHOOTING THE BEAST
FROM WHERE I STOOD ---



ANOTHER EXCITING "BATTLE
OF THE BEASTS" WILL APPEAR
IN SPARKLING STARS.

--LUCKILY MY AIM WAS GOOD AND THE
BEAR WAS KILLED INSTANTLY. TOM HAD
A BADLY LACERATED SHOULDER AND
SPENT THE FOLLOWING 3 WEEKS IN A
HOSPITAL---

WHAT BECAME
OF THE CUB,
PROF. TRUE?

IN THE EXCITEMENT
THE LITTLE ONE FLED
INTO THE WOODS AND
DISAPPEARED. WE NEVER
FOUND HIM AGAIN!



DRAMATIC CRIME

ENDS WITH A LAUGH.....



I'M GETTING SICK OF SHOOTING THESE GLAMOR GIRL PICTURES!

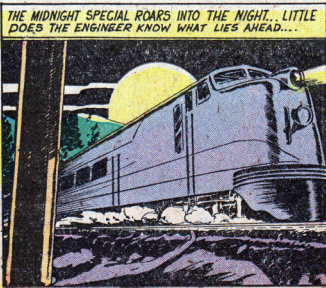
THIS AIN'T SO BAD, CAM. AT LEAST WE ARE NOW EATIN' REGULAR!

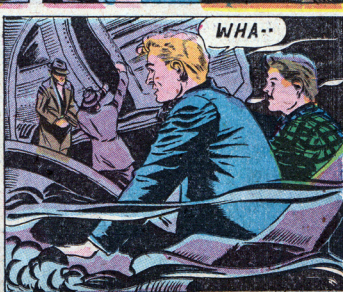
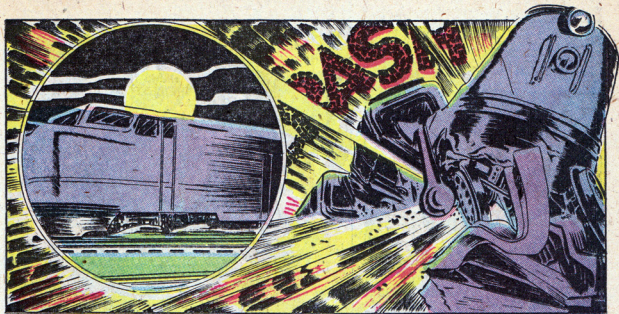


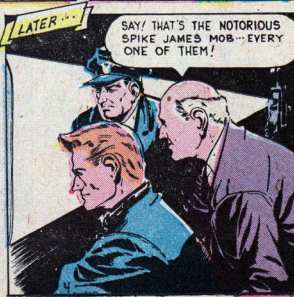
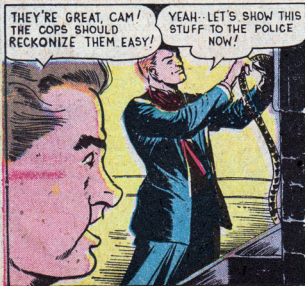
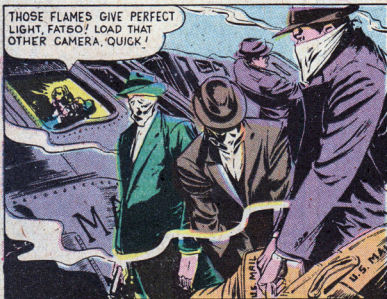
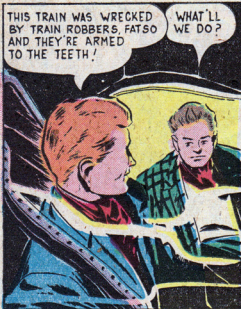
GIVE ME THE GOOD OLD DAYS ON THE DAILY STAR... WHY DID I EVER LEAVE FOR THIS JOB?

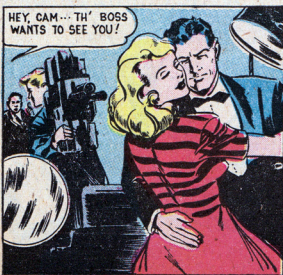
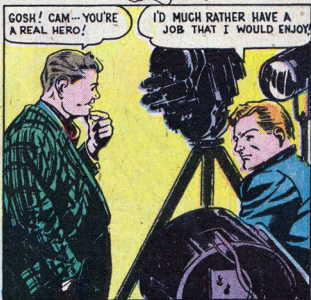
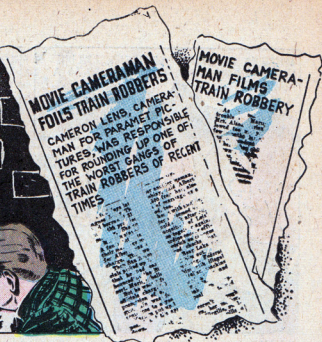
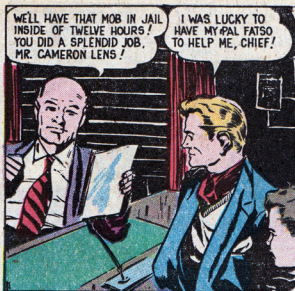
AS I RECOLLECT, CAM, YOU LEFT BY REQUEST!

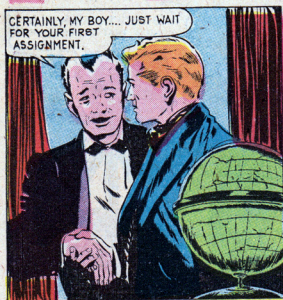






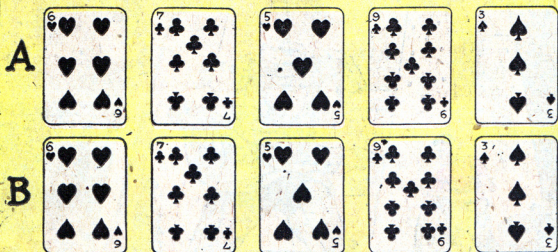






Puzzle Page

The Mysterious Pointer Cards



THIS TRICK IS AS MYSTIFYING AS ANY EVER DEVISED, ALTHOUGH THE CLUE TO THE MYSTERY IS ALWAYS RIGHT BEFORE THE EYES OF THE SPECTATORS. TO DO IT LAY SEVERAL CARDS IN A ROW AS IN GROUP A ABOVE. THEN TURN YOUR BACK TO THE CARDS AND ASK SOME ONE OF THE SPECTATORS TO TURN UPSIDE DOWN ANY CARD HE PLEASES. NOT FACE DOWN BUT SIMPLY AROUND SO THAT THE TOP AND BOTTOM EDGES CHANGE PLACES. HE DOES SO AND YOU TURN TO THE CARDS, MAKE A PRETENSE AT CONCENTRATING UPON THEM, DOING CALCULATIONS IN YOUR HEAD, OR SMELLING THEM, AND POINT OUT WHICH CARDS HE HAS TURNED AROUND.

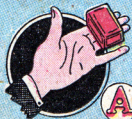
TO DO THE TRICK YOUR DECK OF CARDS MUST BE ARRANGED BEFOREHAND. IT WILL BE NOTICED THAT CERTAIN ORDINARY PLAYING CARDS HAVE THE PECULIARITY OF HAVING MORE SPOTS POINTING IN ONE DIRECTION THAN IN THE OTHER. IN THE ILLUSTRATION ABOVE, FOR INSTANCE, GROUP A SHOWS ALL THE CARDS TURNED IN ONE DIRECTION, WITH THE LARGER NUMBER OF SIMILARLY POINTING SPOTS AT THE TOP. IN GROUP B THE FIVE OF HEARTS HAS BEEN TURNED, SINCE THE THREE SPOTS THAT POINT IN ONE DIRECTION ARE NOW AT THE BOTTOM.

BEFORE YOU DO THE TRICK, YOU SELECT SOME OF THESE SPECIAL CARDS AND PLACE THEM ON TOP OF THE DECK, MAKING SURE THAT ALL POINT IN THE SAME DIRECTION. LAY THEM OUT, WITHOUT TURNING THEM, AND NOTICE WHICH WAY THEY ALL POINT. WHEN SOME ONE TURNS A CARD BEHIND YOUR BACK, YOU CAN EASILY DISCOVER IT.

The Magic Match Box.

TAKE A SMALL BOX FILLED WITH MATCHES AND PLACE IT IN YOUR HAND, HOLDING IT FLAT, AS IN SKETCH (A). THEN ANNOUNCE TO YOUR FRIENDS THAT YOU CAN POINT TO THE END OF THE BOX IN WHICH THE HEADS OF THE MATCHES ARE. THIS YOU DO NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES THE POSITIONS OF THE MATCHES ARE CHANGED. . . FIG. (B) SHOWS

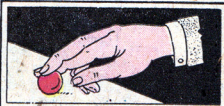
HOW IT IS DONE. REST THE CENTER OF THE BOX OVER THE MIDDLE FINGER WHICH IS SLIGHTLY RAISED. THE BOX WILL TILT TO THE SIDE CONTAINING THE HEADS.



A



B



TAKE A MARBLE, CROSS YOUR FINGERS AS SHOWN, AND ROLL THE MARBLE ABOUT UNDER YOUR FINGERS. WITH YOUR EYES CLOSED YOU WILL DISTINCTLY FEEL TWO MARBLES INSTEAD OF ONE. GET A FRIEND TO CROSS HIS FINGERS AND CLOSE HIS EYES, THEN PUT HIS FINGERS ON A MARBLE AND ASK HIM HOW MANY HE FEELS.

JUNIOR STAR OF THE MONTH CATCHES ROBBER



DISREGARDING THE DANGER OF A FLEEING HOLD-UP MAN FIRING AT HIM, HERBERT BELL OF BROOKLYN, N.Y. ONLY 13 YEARS OLD, TRACKED DOWN THE BANDIT....

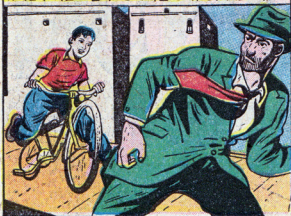
THE BANDIT FIRST APPEARED IN HERBERTS LIFE WHEN, AFTER ROBBING THE DRUG STORE, THE HOLD-UP MAN DASHED OUT OF THE STORE.....



STOP THIEF !!
STOP THAT GUN-
MAN! HE JUST
ROBBED ME!



HERBERT BELL, WHO HAD BEEN PUSHING HIS BIKE TOWARDS THE DRUG-STORE, JUMPED ON HIS BIKE WHEN HE HEARD THE CRY OF ALARM...

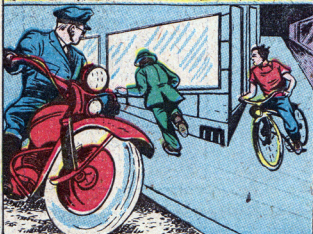


STOP THIEF !!
CATCH HIM-!!

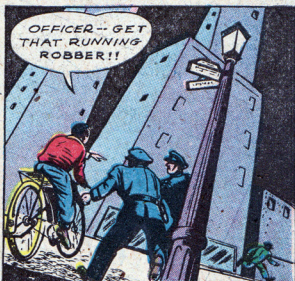
GUESS WE BETTER
DROP OUT... THAT
ROBBER IS
DANGEROUS...



ALTHO MOST OF THE PURSUERS, DROPPED OUT, HERBERT, ON HIS BICYCLE CHASED THE THUG FOR TEN MINUTES...



OFFICER-- GET
THAT RUNNING
ROBBER!!



ONE OF THE COPS STILL
KNEW HIS FOOTBALL--A
NEAT TACKLE DOWNED
THE FLEEING GUN-MAN...

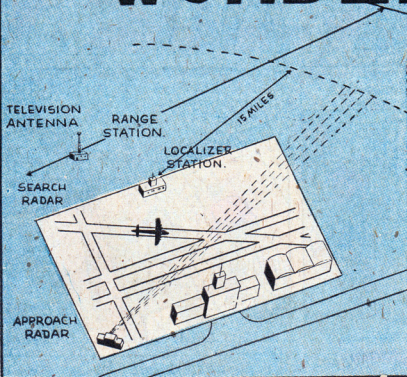


YES, SERGEANT,
THAT BRAVE
YOUNGSTER'S NAME
IS HERBERT BELL.
WHAT A GREAT COP
HE COULD BE !!

KEEP FACING THE WALL,
PUNK, WHILE MY PARTNER
CALLS FOR THE PATROL
WAGON!



TELEVISION RADAR WONDERS



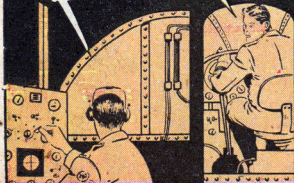
HERE ARE SOME INSIGHTS INTO THE FUTURE CONTROL OF THE AIRWAY BY RADAR-TELEVISION.

IN CONNECTION WITH THIS IS THE *TELERAN* PLAN, ILLUSTRATED HERE. THIS IS THE RADAR-TELEVISION APPARATUS THAT WILL DIRECT FUTURE AIR TRAFFIC.

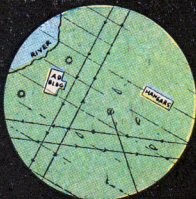
THE *TELERAN* AT WORK---

WE'RE NEARING THE AIRPORT. TURN ON THE *TELERAN*. I WANT TO SEE HOW TRAFFIC IS AT THE FIELD.

YES, SIR

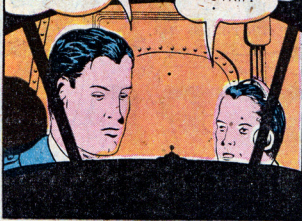


BY MEANS OF RADAR EQUIPMENT, COLLATED WITH METEOROLOGICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL CONTROL DATA, A SYNOPSIS PICTURE IS TRANSMITTED TO THE TELEVISION RECEIVER.



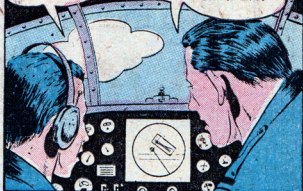
HMM, THE FIELD IS CROWDED WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE RIGHT LANDING CONDITIONS.

OKAY, SKIPPER. I'LL BUZZ OUR COUSINS AT THE STRIP.

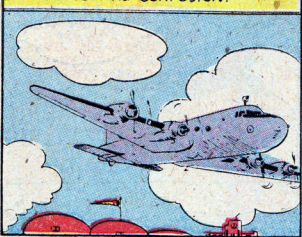


THE AIRPORT SAYS WE CAN COME IN NOW. THEY WANT TO KNOW IF WE GOT THE DATA ON THE WEATHER.

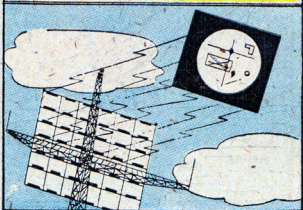
YES, I'VE GOT IT. CEILING 2,000, VISIBILITY 3 MILES. TELL THEM IT'S ALL ON THE TELERAN SCREEN.



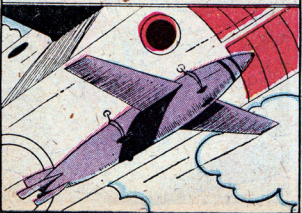
AND WITH THE BRILLIANT TELERAN TO GUIDE THEM, AIRPORT TRAFFIC WILL BE REDUCED TO THE MINIMUM IN ACCIDENTS AND CONFUSION.



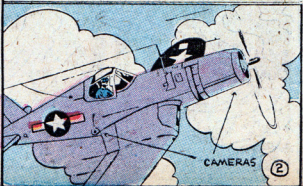
RADAR AND TELEVISION ADVANCED A HUNDRED YEARS DURING WORLD WAR II. THE ALLIED AIRFORCE COMBINED THE TWO, AND RADAR-TELEVISION BECAME THE "EYES" OF THE AIRFORCE.



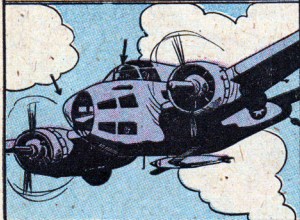
BLOC, OR "THE BAT," WAS THE SECRET, DESTRUCTIVE FLYING BOMB THAT SOUGHT OUT AND DESTROYED ITS OWN TARGETS. - HOW IT WORKED WAS NOT DISCLOSED UNTIL AFTER THE WAR!



RING, BLOC'S BIG BROTHER, WAS THE FLYING TELEVISION THAT FLASHED BACK TO ITS BASE THE OPERATIONS OF THE AIR FLEET. AIR FORCE CHIEFS WERE ABLE TO DIRECT OPERATIONS OF THE SQUADRONS FROM THEIR PLANE CARRIERS.

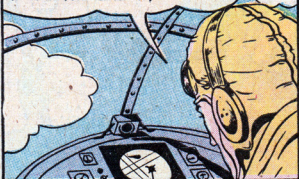


HERE WE SEE BLOC IN ACTION AGAINST THE JAPS DURING THE WAR. A NAVY COMBAT PLANE IS HUNTING THE JAP FLEET ---

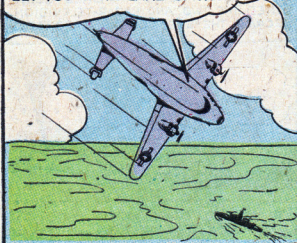


SUDDENLY, ON THE PLANE'S MONITOR IS SEEN A TARGET PICKED UP BY THE RADAR NOSE OF BLOC ---

LOOKS LIKE BLOC'S FOUND A TARGET. I'D BETTER TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT IT AND SEE IF IT'S THE ENEMY.

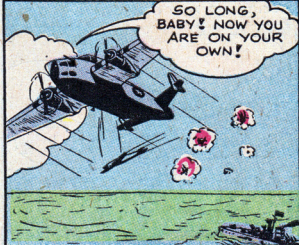


IT'S THE ENEMY ALRIGHT! WELL BLOC, YOU FOUND IT. NOW I'LL LET YOU TAKE CARE OF IT.

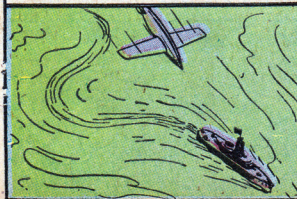


OUT OF RANGE OF THE ENEMY AA-GUNS, THE PILOT RELEASES BLOC--

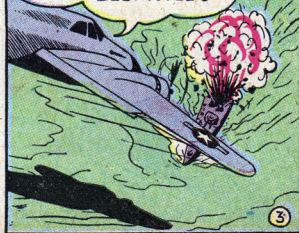
SO LONG, BABY! NOW YOU ARE ON YOUR OWN!



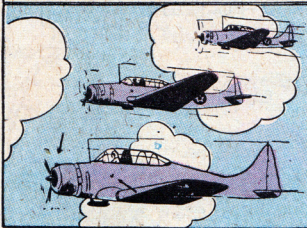
THE DESTROYER IS MANEUVERING ABOUT TRYING TO ESCAPE THE AMERICAN FLYING BOMB ZOOMING STRAIGHT AT HER. BUT, THE RADAR-CONTROLLED BOMB CONTINUES TO DOG ITS TARGET, UNTIL ---



RAIDER TO BASE; SCORE ONE MORE BULL'S EYE FOR BLOC! ONE DESTROYER ---
DESTROYED!



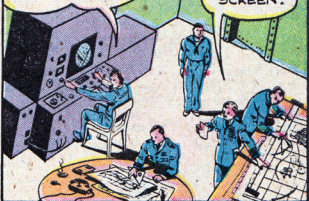
A FLIGHT OF AMERICAN FIGHTER-BOMBERS OPERATING WITHIN A 200 MILE RADIUS FROM BASE, ARE SEARCHING FOR THE ENEMY---



MEANWHILE, IN THE CARRIER'S OPERATING ROOM ---

FLIGHT TWO HAS PICKED UP A TARGET, SIR.

FINE, GET THEM ON THE SCREEN.



IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR ACTION. OUR PLANES HAVE TRAPPED AN ENEMY CRUISER.

HAVE ONE OF OUR PT BOATS READY TO PICK UP SURVIVORS.

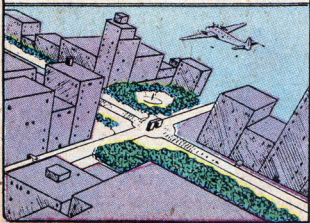


FLASH THE LOCATION OF THE SINKING SHIP TO PT BOATS №3 AND №7

YES, SIR.



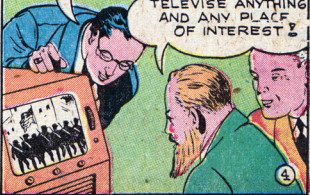
WITH THE CLOSE OF THE WAR, RING BECOMES MORE POPULAR THAN EVER. HERE IS A PLANE WITH RING WORKING FOR RCA'S EXPERIMENTAL WORKSHOP.---



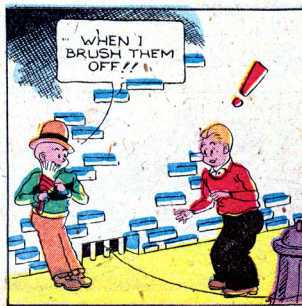
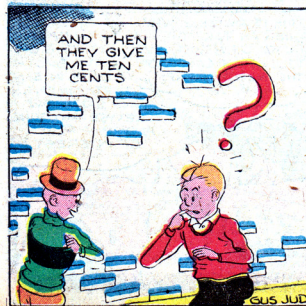
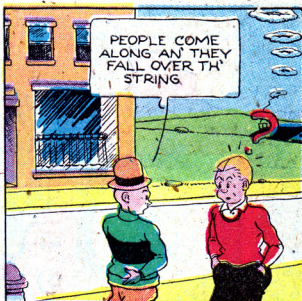
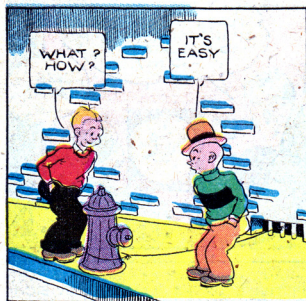
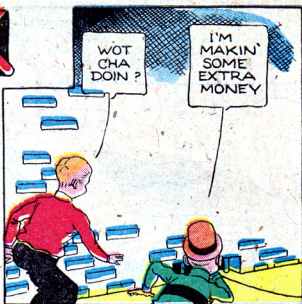
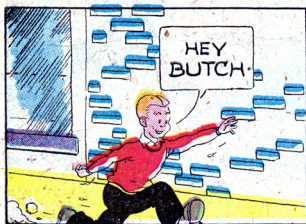
--AND IN THE RCA CONTROL ROOMS, PICTURES OF THE PLANE'S TELEVISION CAMERA CAN BE SEEN---

THIS IS AMAZING. WHY THIS CAN TAKE THE PLACE OF NEWSREELS! TELEVISION CAN SHOW THE NEWS IN THE MAKING!

THIS WILL REALLY GIVE TELEVISION THE SPOTLIGHT IN ENTERTAINMENT. RING CAN NOW TELEVISION ANYTHING AND ANY PLACE OF INTEREST!



CHUCK



HELL'S ANGELS



AT THE FABULOUS NEW HIDE-OUT AT GREAT KILLS, ON THE VAST MOATED ESTATE OF THE MYSTERIOUS CRIMINAL OVER-LORD, THE X-Z SCORES OF INDIANS ARE TEACHING X-Z'S GANGSTERS TO BECOME EXPERT HORSEMEN AND DEADLY SHOTS.

WHY? BECAUSE THE INTERNATIONAL-GANGSTERS' COMBINE ARE PREPARING FOR ANOTHER DESPERATE AND REVENGEFUL ASSAULT ON THE HEROIC FORMER HELL'S ANGELS--LANK STRONG, CLEM WEST AND GIL LITTLE.

BUT WHEN GIL LITTLE TEAMS UP WITH WILD WING, HE NOT ONLY HELPS TO SAVE THE HELL'S ANGELS' T-RANCH, THEIR AIR LINE, ETC., BUT HE ALSO PROVIDES YOU WITH SOME UNEXPECTED ENTERTAINMENT.

WHEN SUDDENLY!

IMAGINE! IT IS
SNOWING IN JULY,
IN MID-SUMMER!

I SUSPECT THAT THE
X-Z NERON'S GANG HAVE
TRICKED US INTO TRANS-
PORTING THESE DANGEROUS
CHEMICALS WITH THE IDEA
OF DESTROYING US!

DUMBFOUNDED, THE ANGELS
CRASH-LAND THEIR PLANES!

YES, CLEM, IT'S
INCREDIBLE THAT—
THE CHEMICALS
DIDN'T BLOW US
UP INTO LITTLE
PIECES!

OUR WHOLE
TRIP IS AS
STRANGE AS
THE SNOW-
STORM IN THE
MIDDLE OF
SUMMER!

PROBABLY NOBODY
ELSE BUT CLEM AND GIL
SAW THIS SNOWSTORM...

THE SNOW STOPS AS AB-
RUPTLY AS IT STARTED!

WELL, WOULD
YOU LOOK
AT THAT!

U'M...

NOW THE
SUN'S
SHINING
AGAIN!

THEN!

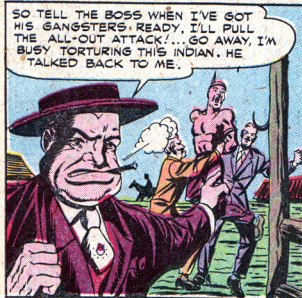
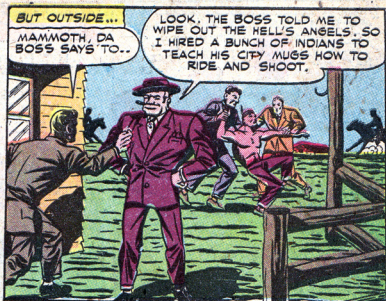
SORRY, PALS,
TO HAVE TO
RENDER YOU
UNCONSCIOUS
WITH THIS
CHEMICAL.

AMAZING HAPPENINGS, TO BE SURE! BUT NOT AS
AMAZING AS THE FABULOUS NEW HIDEOUT OF
THE SINISTER DICTATOR, X-Z, WHO CAUSED THEM.

WHERE DEEP IN THE TEXAS BAD-
LANDS, WITH A DUDE RANCH AS HIS
"FRONT," IN A MOATED, FORTIFIED
CASTLE ADJOINING A MINIATURE
CITY, HE BUILT TO HOUSE HIS
KILLER CREW, THE EVIL X-Z
RESIDES. HE SCHEMES--UNSEEN
BY EVEN HIS TOP HENCHMEN!

BY THIS TIME
NERON HAS
STOLEN LANK
STRONG'S
SNOW MACHINE
AND USED IT
ON THE HELL'S
ANGELS' PLANES!

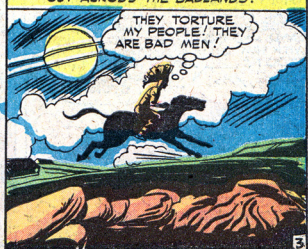
DAT'S GREAT,
BOSS!



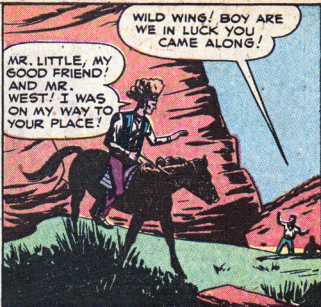
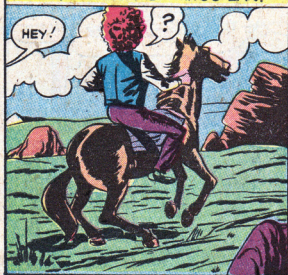
BUT THE TORTURE SCENE HAS ANOTHER WITNESS--WILD WING, CHIEF OF THE HIRED INJUNS.



AND THAT NIGHT, WILD WING RIDES HARD OUT ACROSS THE BADLANDS!

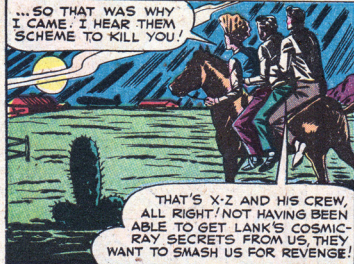


THEN, A SUDDEN CRY PIERCES THE NIGHT, CATCHES WILD WING'S EAR!



AS HE RIDES THEM BACK TO THEIR T-BONE RANCH, WILD WING TALKS FAST!

...SO THAT WAS WHY I CAME. I HEAR THEM SCHEME TO KILL YOU!



AND AFTER RITA WORTH, COW-GIRL STRAW-BOSS OF THE T-BONE, PREPARES A MIDNIGHT SHACK, A COUNCIL OF WAR IS HELD!

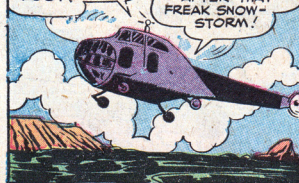
GIL AND RITA WILL DISGUISE THEMSELVES AS INDIANS AND JOIN YOUR TRIBE, WILD WING, AND SPY ON X-Z. AND I'LL NOTIFY THE FBI AND HAVE THEM AND OUR COWBOYS READY, WHEN GIL SIGNALS FOR US TO INVAD E X-Z'S STRONGHOLD!



AND NEXT MORNING...

WHEN WILD WING SAYS WE'RE NEAR THE PLACE, RITA, WE'LL LAND AND GO IN WITH HIM ON FOOT!

YES, GIL, AND THEN WE MAY FIND SOME CLUE TO LANK'S WHEREABOUTS AND TO HIS STRANGE ACTIONS AFTER THAT FREAK SNOW-STORM!



BUT LANK'S "STRANGE ACTIONS," MEAN-TIME, CONTINUE!

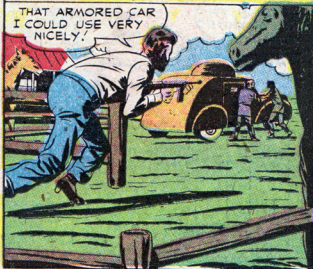
WHO GOES D'ERE... AGH!

NOT A FRIEND, I CAN TELL YOU THAT!



FOR LANK, MEANTIME, IS STAGING A ONE-MAN INVASION OF X-Z'S FABULOUS FORTRESS.

THAT ARMORED CAR I COULD USE VERY NICELY!



HEY, WHO DA...UNK!

TUT, TUT, GENTLEMEN! CAN'T YOU SAY SOMETHING MORE INTERESTING THAN THAT!

HEY, WOT DA...AWNK!



AND MOMENTS LATER...

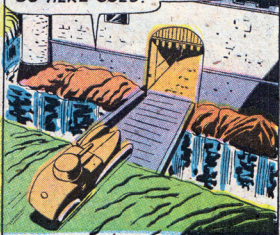
THIS MUST BE X-Z'S LAYOUT, AS I SUSPECTED, FOR ONLY HE'D THINK UP SOMETHING SO WEIRD!

SOMEBODY'S WENT BERSERK IN DA IRON BUGGY!

AIN'T NO USE SHOOTIN' AT DAT T'ING!



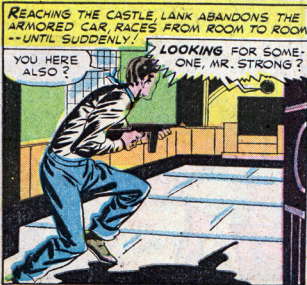
A SKYSCRAPER CITY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DESERT--AND THEN A MOATED CASTLE: WOW!...LUCKILY, THE DRAWBRIDGE IS DOWN--SO HERE GOES!



REACHING THE CASTLE, LANK ABANDONS THE ARMORED CAR, RACES FROM ROOM TO ROOM--UNTIL SUDDENLY!

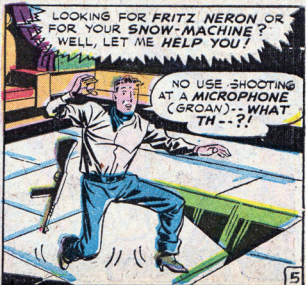
YOU HERE ALSO?

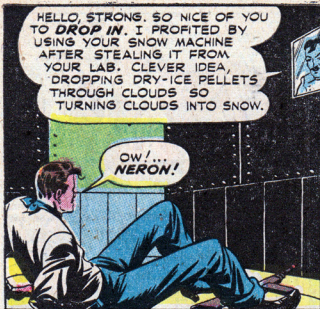
LOOKING FOR SOME-ONE, MR. STRONG?



LOOKING FOR FRITZ NERON OR FOR YOUR SNOW-MACHINE? WELL, LET ME HELP YOU!

NO USE SHOOTING AT A MICROPHONE (GROAN)--WHAT TH--?!





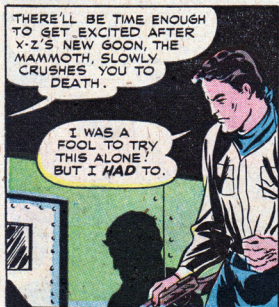
HELLO, STRONG. SO NICE OF YOU TO **DROP IN**. I PROFITED BY USING YOUR SNOW MACHINE AFTER STEALING IT FROM YOUR LAB. CLEVER IDEA, DROPPING DRY-ICE PELLETS THROUGH CLOUDS SO TURNING CLOUDS INTO SNOW.

OW!...
NERON!



AND NO USE (GROAN!) SHOOTING AT BULLET-PROOF GLASS EITHER!

NOW, MR. STRONG, MUSTN'T GET EXCITED.



THERE'LL BE TIME ENOUGH TO GET EXCITED AFTER X-Z'S NEW GOON, THE MAMMOTH, SLOWLY CRUSHES YOU TO DEATH.

I WAS A FOOL TO TRY THIS ALONE! BUT I **HAD** TO.

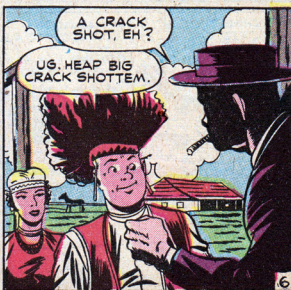


MAMMOTH, DAT'S WILD WING AT DA GATE! HE'S BRINGING A COUPLE MORE INJUNS.



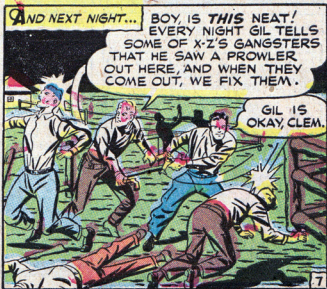
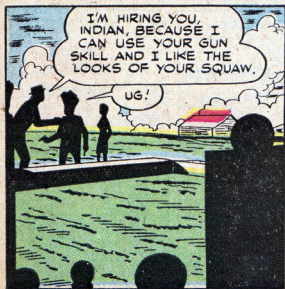
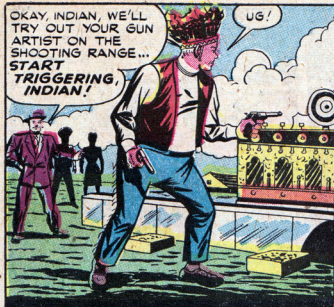
LOOK, REDSKIN, WE GOT PLENTY INDIANS.

BUT THIS INDIAN CRACK SHOT, BOSS, HE NEVER MISS!



A CRACK SHOT, EH?

UG. HEAP BIG CRACK SHOTTEM.



AND A WEEK LATER...

I STILL CAN'T LOCATE X-Z.

WELL, SOON WE'LL HAVE HIS FORCES WEAKENED ENOUGH TO SIGNAL CLEM TO ATTACK. OH-OH HERE COMES MAMMOTH IN A RAGE!

SAY-Y, INDIAN! EVER SINCE YOU'VE BEEN HERE MY MEN HAVE BEEN DISAPPEARING IN DROVES! MAYBE I OUGHT TO BUMP YOU OFF!

UG.

AND I AIN'T BEEN SEEING ENOUGH OF YOU LATELY, SUGAR. HOW ABOUT A LITTLE KISS?

SQUAW NO KISS!

I THINK I CAN TAME YOU, FIERY FILLY!

AND I THINK MY KNIFE WILL TAME MAMMOTH!

AWK!

ME ALSO HEAP BIG CRACK SHOTTEM WITH KNIFE

WHERE--AM-- I--? *?!

DAT FEED BAG MUSTA BROKE LOOSE AN' FELL ON YOUR DOME!

THANKS, DARLING!

UG.

AND SO, SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, TWO PLANES HEAD OUT FROM THE T-BONE OVER THE BADLANDS...

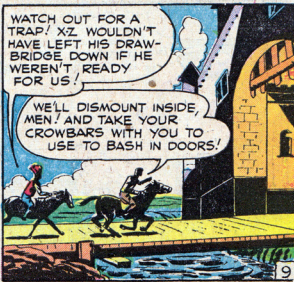
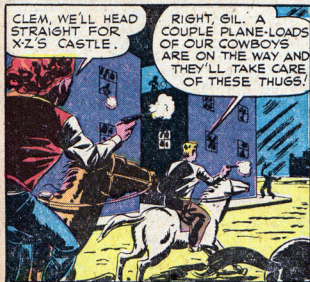
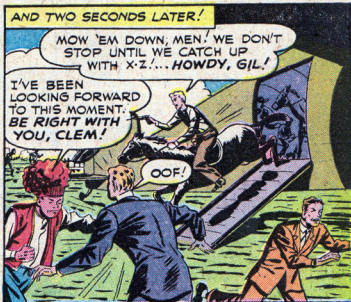
IT'S EXACTLY AN HOUR, CLEM, SINCE THE BOYS WHO WERE LISTENING FOR GIL'S SIGNAL SHOT RODE IN AND SAID THEY HEARD IT!

HOPE WE GET THERE BEFORE SOMEBODY SUSPECTS GIL!

BUT MEANTIME!

THE SIGNAL IS FOR ME TO KEEP SHOOTING STEADILY!

IT'S DAT CRAZY RED-SKIN, BOSS!

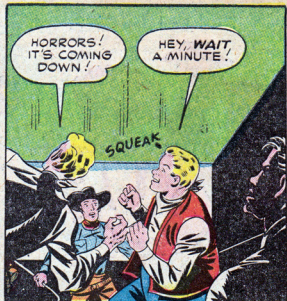


AND SOON!



WHAT TH--?!
THOSE FOUR
WALLS SUDDENLY
SLID DOWN!

I-- DONT--
LIKE--THIS--!



HORRORS!
IT'S COMING
DOWN!

HEY, WAIT
A MINUTE!

SQUEAK

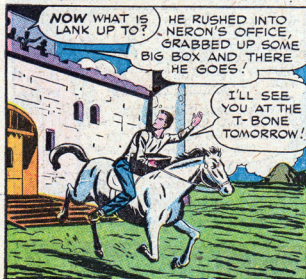


THE CEILING IS STEEL,
EH! WELL, THEN IT
OUGHT TO PUSH OUR
CROWBARS THROUGH
THE FLOOR AND MAKE
US AN ESCAPE HATCH!

WOW!



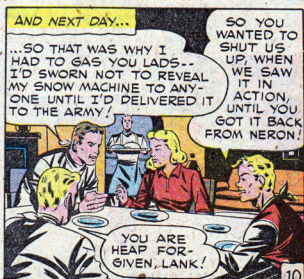
FREED BY GIL'S TRICK, AND ASSISTED
BY THEIR COWBOYS, THEY BREAK INTO
X-Z'S FABULOUS HEADQUARTERS AND
RESCUE LANK!



NOW WHAT IS
LANK UP TO?

HE RUSHED INTO
NERON'S OFFICE,
GRABBED UP SOME
BIG BOX AND THERE
HE GOES!

I'LL SEE
YOU AT THE
T-BONE
TOMORROW!



AND NEXT DAY...

...SO THAT WAS WHY I
HAD TO GAS YOU LADS--
I'D SWORN NOT TO REVEAL
MY SNOW MACHINE TO ANY-
ONE UNTIL I'D DELIVERED IT
TO THE ARMY!

SO YOU
WANTED TO
SHUT US
UP, WHEN
WE SAW
IT IN
ACTION,
UNTIL YOU
GOT IT BACK
FROM NERON!

YOU ARE
HEAP FOR-
GIVEN, LANK!

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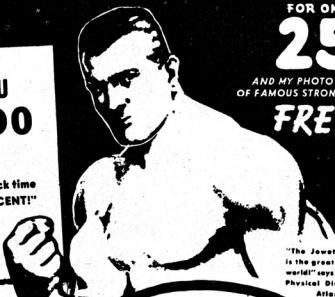
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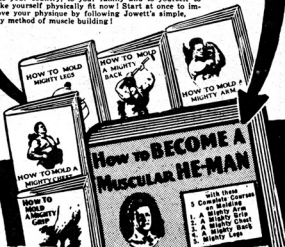
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